

EVANGELICAL
HYMNS AND SONGS,
IN
TWO PARTS:

The First, composed on various Views of the
CHRISTIAN LIFE and WARFARE ;

The Second, in Praise of the REDEEMER :

Published for the *Comfort & Entertainment*
OF
TRUE CHRISTIANS.

By BENJAMIN WALLIN.

To which is added,
A Collection of Hymns from Dr.
WATTS's forty-four Sermons :

AND,
Mr. STENNET's Sacramental Hymns

B O S T O N :

Re-Printed and Sold by EDES & GILL, 1762.

EVANGELICAL
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The First compiled on various views of the
Christian Church
The Second in view of the present state of
the Church of England
Published for the Christian Society
of
Travellers



A Collection of Hymns from the
Watts and Watts
AND
MR. STENNETT'S HYMNS

B. J. T. O. W.
Re-printed and sold by J. B. & Co. 1862

The FIRST PART :

On the View of being called to the
Work of the Ministry.

MY Soul, thy Saviour's Call attend ;
With trembling his commands revere:
M Arise, saith he, for thee I send :
To my elect my gospel bear.

- 2 Unlearn'd my lips can never speak
As thy great oracles become :
Ah, lord, wilt thou a child so weak
Employ to bring thy chosen home ?
- 3 How faint my Heart ! How weak my Frame !
My Skill how small ! My Gifts how frail !
These Symptoms constantly proclaim,
The Work in my poor Hands will fail.
- 4 Of all thy Servants I'm the least,
To whom thou hast thy Grace made known;
And most unworthy to attest
The glorious Gospel of thy Son.
5. When

- 5 When I my guilty Soul survey,
 Unnumber'd Evils me surround ;
 I find sad Tokens Day by Day,
 That Folly in my Heart is bound.
- 6 My youthful Follies all arise ;
 And all my Sins of riper Years
 Present themselves before my Eyes,
 And fill my Heart with Grief and Fears.
- 7 Shall such a Wretch as I presume
 To stand before the Holy Lord ?
 The solemn Function to assume
 Of publishing his blessed Word ?
- 8 But if this be thy Will divine,
 And so thy Counsels have decreed ;
 To all thy Will my Heart incline,
 And let me from my Fears be freed.
- 9 Thy sov'reign Will, O Lord be done ;
 I yield myself to thy Command
 The mearest Instruments are known
 To prosper in thy glorious Hand.
- 10 My Ears are open ; Lord, declare
 The Purpose of thy holy Mind ;
 Thy Voice so lovely let me hear ;
 Thro' Grace, Obedience thou shalt find.
- 11 Thy Promise yields me great Support,
My Grace sufficient is for thee.
 Thou art my Refuge and my Fort ;
 Sufficient, Lord, thy Grace for me.
- 12 Now I'll arise and cast off Fear ;
 Jesus is faithful to his Word ;

Hymns and Songs.

5

- In ev'ry Strait he will appear,
And will sufficient Grace afford.
- 13 Thy pard'ning Mercy, Lord, display ;
Touch, touch my Lips as with live Coals :
Let Strength be equal to my Day ;
Anoint my Tongue for weary Souls.
- 14 Then shall I answer to thy Call,
Behold me ; here thy Servant waits ;
I'll freely then resign my All
To bear thy Name in Zion's Gates.
- 15 When Souls are smitten with thy Love,
How glorious will thy Gospel shine !
Thy Servant's Frailties then will prove,
The Bow'r is thine, and only thine.
- 16 Of old from Babes thou didst ordain
Thy glorious Praise ; and still the same,
Can'st from a Suckling now obtain
Loud Hallelujahs to thy Name.
- 17 I venture in thy Name to go ;
My Hopes alone on thee rely :
May Streams that from thy River flow,
My Heart with Joy and Strength supply.
- 18 Thy sacred Mysteries unfold :
No holy Doctrine would I shun ;
In Faithfulness my Soul uphold,
Impartially thy Truth to own.
- 19 While trembling in thy Courts I plead,
Tott'ring beneath this weighty Charge,
O may thy spirit sweetly spread
Thy Love, and all my Heart enlarge.

- 20 With Increase my Commission crown :
 Let many Sons and Daughters rise
 Thy Gospel and thy Name to own ;
 That none thy Servant may despise.
- 21 In Christ, Epistles may I have ;
 Fair Characters to all Men known :
 And of the Children thou wilt save,
 Put many Jewels in my Crown,
- 22 Thy Testimonies oft repeat ;
 With Cov'nant Mercies fill my Soul :
 My Seals I then shall surely meet
 Where everlasting Pleasures roll.



2

The Father and the Son,

I Job. ii. 22.

- 1 **A**DORE the Father and the Son ;
 Whose Essence is divine ;
 Who are distinct, and yet but one,
 And one in their Design.
- 2 For God's Elect in Love they strove ;
 God bid his Son to die ;
 The Son to witness equal Love,
 Did readily comply.
- 3 In the true Son the Father shone
 In all his glorious Light ;
 In him the Deity came down,
 And did with Man unite.

Hymns and Songs.

7

- 4 The Sacrifice of God the Son
Our fainting Hope revives :
The Father's Faithfulness is known,
When Pardon Man receives.
- 5 To God the Father and his Son,
Your grateful Voices raise,
Who with the Spirit, Three in One,
Deserve immortal Praise.



3

To the Blessed Spirit.

- 1 **A**DORE, ye Saints, the Holy Dove,
Whose mighty Pow'r display'd
Your Souls from Darkness did remove,
And Life divine convey'd.
- 2 From Heav'n he freely does descend,
And quick'ning Grace afford ;
Our Hearts he opens to attend
With Profit on his Word.
- 3 Our first Convictions he procur'd,
Which pierc'd our Minds with Grief ;
And by revealing Christ secur'd
Our wounded Souls Relief.
- 4 His heav'nly Gales our Hearts revive ;
He sets our broken Bones :
He speaks, and quick the Word of Life
Thro' ev'ry Art'ry runs.

5. Our

- 5 Our mortal Bodies he will raise
 Like that our Saviour wears :
 Our whole Salvation sounds his Praise ;
 No Creature with him shares.
- 6 To God the Father and the Son,
 From whom the Spirit came,
 And to that Spirit, Three in One,
 All Glory we proclaim.



4
 The same.

- 1 **A**DORE, ye Saints, the heav'nly Dove ;
 From him you Light derive ;
 His quick'ning Rays of Light and Love
 Your drooping Hearts revive.
- 2 To you who once in Sins were dead,
 He Life from Christ imparts ;
 And Love divine by him is shed
 Abroad in all your Hearts.
- 3 As Fire refines the drossy Ores,
 Our Souls he purifies ;
 'Tis he that banish'd Peace restores,
 Whence Joys unknown arise.
- 4 His Lights our darken'd Minds prepare
 The Saviour's Face to view ;
 He puts us oft ere we're aware
 Into his Bosom too.

5 Thus

5 Thus Sorrow into Joy he turns,
Sad Nights to gladfome Days;
And then the Heart within us burns
To sing Jehovah's Praise.

6 O let us never once offend
His glorious Holiness;
Lest He his Influence suspend,
And leave us in Distress.



Praise for quickening Grace,

Ephes. ii. 1.

1 **L**ET us to God our Voices raise;
His Love and Mercy shewn
Constrain our Souls to sing his Praise,
And make his Glory known.

2 Once wrapt in Sin without all Sense
Of Danger or of Shame,
We slept secure; nor dream'd we whence
The deadly Mis'ry came.

3 A fatal Dark'ness quick o'erspread
Our vain and foolish Mind;
We blindly went as Satan led,
To all his Lusts inclin'd.

4 Forlorn and helpless thus we lay,
Still waxing worse and worse,
'Till Mercy at th' appointed Day
Remov'd the heavy Curse.

5 Risen

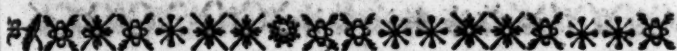
- 5 Risen with Christ, to God we live;
To Sin we daily die;
Waiting and longing to receive
Our Immortality.



Joy at being invited to publick
Worship, *Psal.* cxxii. 1.

- 1 **M**Y Soul rejoic'd to hear
The Sons of Zion say,
Come, in the Temple we'll appear
To sing and hear and pray.
- 2 Most lovely is the Place
To which the Saints repair,
When God his reconciled Face
Discovers to them there.
- 3 Thy Loving-Kindness Lord,
Which there thou wilt impart,
Will better Joys than Life afford,
And gladden ev'ry Heart.
- 4 With Thankfulness I join
Thy Saints who me invite;
O let thy Glories on me shine,
And fill me with Delight.
- 5 My thirsty Soul's desire,
My God, is after thee;
And in thy House I will enquire,
Thy Beauty, Lord, to see.
- 6 Whatever

Whatever else thou shalt deny,
Deny me not thy Love;
That when I die, my Soul may fly
To join thy Saints above.



For a Lord's Day Morning when
in a spiritual Frame. *Rev. i. 10.*
I was in the Spirit on the Lord's
Day.

1 **W**elcome, blest Morn ; on thee the King
Of Saints his Grace displays ;
On thee he rose, and his Saints bring
The Sacrifice of Praise.

2 With chearful Steps the Saints ascend
The Temple of the Lord,
To sing his Praises and attend
The Preaching of his Word.

3 Jesus, I long to hear and tell
The Wonders of thy Grace ;
And where thy Honour dwells would dwell
To view thy lovely Face.

4 The rich Provisions of thy House
Fill me with pure Delight ;
I joy with Saints to pay my Vows
There where all Heaven's in sight.

§ Shine

- 5 Shine forth from off thy Mercy Seat,
While I before thee stand;
This Day my Soul with Blessings meet
That flow from thy Right Hand.



8
Trouble in this World ; Rest in
that which is to come. *Job iii. 17.*

- 1 **N**O more, my weary Spirit, strive
For Rest : It is in vain
To seek it where the wicked live.
Where Sin and Satan reign.

- 2 Here wicked Men, like troubled Seas,
Cast forth their Lust and Rage ;
In vain the Righteous hope for Ease
On this polluted Stage.

- 3 Here cursed Sin abides and wars,
And troubles still thy Breast ;
The Conflict oft thy Comfort mars,
And still disturbs thy Rest.

- 4 Here Satan walks, whose Envy first
Man down from Honour cast :
He waits to lift you to distrust,
And all your Hope to blast.

- 5 But there's a State of Rest above,
Where comes no Wickedness ;
There none can reach to grieve or move
Your Heart from perfect Peace.

The Christian Anchor, Heb. vi. 19.

1 **O**FT on the wide and dang'rous Sea
Of this unstable World we roll ;
All bound to an Eternity ;

Each freighted with a precious Soul.

2 In this Great Voyage Sin raises Storms ;

Gives us to Rocks and raging Waves :

Here Terrors meet us in all Forms,

And shew us Deaths and gaping Graves.

3 But God an Anchor doth provide,

A Hope that rests within the Vail,

Stedfast and sure : This will abide

All Storms, when all Things else shall fail.

4 Thus happily provided go

The Children of electing Love :

Nothing their Hope shall overthrow ;

No Storms shall from their Anchor move.

5 O let me never be deceiv'd,

But hold the Hope that's sound and good,

With them who have thro' Grace receiv'd

True Faith in the Redeemer's Blood.

6 On God's sure Word my Faith is built ;

My Hope is fix'd in Christ alone ;

The precious Blood which he hath spilt

Shall for my numerous Sins atone.

7 Here rest, my Soul; tho' Seas shall roar,

Or Earth's great Pillars should remove,

The Cov'nant stands ; you'll make the Shore,

And join the Hosts of Saints above.

The Stability of the Covenant the
Believer's Comfort under Chan-
ges, 2 Tim. ii. 19.

- 1 **R** Ejoice, ye Saints, in ev'ry State,
Divine Decrees remain unmov'd ;
No Turns of Providence abate
God's Care for those he once hath lov'd.
- 2 Firm as a Rock his Cov'nant stands,
While Mountains shake and Hills depart ;
You're safe in your Redeemer's Hands,
Who bears your Names upon his Heart.
- 3 Our Surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a Sacrifice :
Those who embrace his precious Blood ;
Who have the Hope that purifies.
- 4 Tho' Darkness spread around our Tent,
Tho' Sin prevail, and Love decline,
God will not of his Word repent ;
Salvation's still his great Design.
- 5 Departing from our Sins we joy
In thine eternal Counsels, Lord ;
No Creature can the Hope destroy,
Establish'd by thy blessed Word.
- 6 May Holiness in us encrease,
And prove our Hearts with thee sincere ;
And may we live and die in Peace,
And thine, and only thine, appear.



On Going to War. *Psa. xxi. 13.*

*Be thou exalted in thine own
Strength, O Lord : so will we
sing and praise thy Power.*

1 **B**Ehold, the raging Host prepare
To satisfy their Lust ;
This Multitude we will not fear,
For in our God we trust.

2 Jehovah, in thy Name we go
To meet this swelling Tide :
Thy wonted Help vouchsafe to shew ;
And humble all their Pride.

3 Thy saving Strength, O Lord, make known ;
Exalt thyself on high ;
Thou art our Rock, on thee alone
Thy Servants will rely.

4 So will we raise our tuneful Voice ;
Sing forth thy glorious Might ;
In thy Salvation we'll rejoice,
And in thy Arm delight.

5 Duty to thee shall seal our Songs,
While we thy Praise proclaim ;
And prove our Hearts join with our Tongues
To manifest thy Name.



Occasioned by the last Incursions
and Conquests of the *French* in
the *Dutch* Territories.

1 **A** WAKE, ye *Britons*, and prepare
For threaten'd Liberty to stand :
What, hear you not the Sound of War
Advancing to your Native Land ?

2 Proud *Lewis*, fraught with foaming Rage,
Threatens to your own Doors to come ;
His Sword will spare nor Sex nor Age,
Relentless as the Beast of *Rome*.

3 O sinful *Britain*, 'wake betimes ;
Affronted Heav'n exalts the Rod :
Repent thy num'rous scarlet Crimes,
Crimes that provoke thy gracious God.

4 With Sackcloth clothe thy guilty Loins,
And rend thy Heart before the Lord,
While *George*, thy gracious Monarch, joins
To deprecate th' avenging Sword.

5 The Lord your Saviour, always kind,
Still waits to see if you'll reform :
Let him but true Repentance find,
And he'll avert th' impending Storm.

6 Arise, *Jehovah*, and restrain
This haughty *Frenchman* and his War ;
Let all his impious Schemes prove vain,
And thy repenting Servants spare.



The Confidence of the Faithful in a
Time of Danger from War. *Isa.*

viii. 13.

YE trembling *Isra'ites*, give ear ;
From your faint Hearts dismiss your Fear :
Let num'rous Foes make haughty Boasts ;
Your Saviour is the Lord of Hosts.

2 Illustrious is Jehovah's Name ;
Let the whole Earth his Pow'r proclaim :
Celestial Legions him obey ;
No Hosts on Earth escape his Sway.

3 Tho' Earth and Hell unite their Force,
'Tis Christ still governs all their Course :
Their seaming Rage shall not prevail,
Nor his Assistance ever fail.

4 If Life itself should be destroy'd,
Care for your Soul will be employ'd ;
And if you're in *Emanuel's* Arm,
Death is a Foe can do no Harm.

5 Ye that have made the Lord your Choice,
Fear not, but let your Souls rejoice ;
Let the Almighty be your Dread,
And Peace your Mind shall overspread.

6 Fix, fix your Hearts then on the Lord,
And fear not ev'ry evil Word ;
You need not hover in suspense ;
Jehovah is your sure Defence.



Providence, or Divine Government.

Psal. lxi. 7.

1 **J**ehovah reigns ; let Saints rejoice ;
His Government divine

Extends to All by Force or Choice :
And shall to him resign.

2 He rules, and whatso'er he wills
He easily compleats :
Proud Kings and mighty Monarchies
He at a Stroke defeats.

3 His Eyes behold the Nations round,
Their Thoughts and Ways he views,
Rebellious Sinners to confound,
And all their Pride to bruise.

4 His righteous Throne eternal stands,
and will his Saints secure :
Th' All-ruling Sceptre in his Hands
Shall endless Days endure.

5 Let those who fear his holy Name
Loud Hallelujahs sing ;
Thro' Earth and Heav'n let them proclaim
The Glories of their King

The Christian Life a joyful Life.

Phil. iv. 4.

1 **D**ismiss your Fears, ye mournful Saints,
Ye who have made the Lord your Choice

Rejoice

Rejoice, and cease from all Complaints;
In Christ you always may rejoice.

2 Your num'rous Sins the Sands exceed;
Deep is their Guilt, as Scarlet Grain;
But Jesus for your Souls hath bled,
And free Remission did obtain.

3 His Grace hath all sufficient prov'd,
Nor shall it fail to yield Supply;
All Grace shall follow those he lov'd,
So lov'd as for their Sakes to die.

4 He dy'd, was buried and arose;
He captive led the Foes you fear;
Who, tho' they now with Rage oppose,
Anon your Footstool will appear.

5 In the exalted Jesus see
The Sum of all Felicity;
Like him you'll rule, like him you'll shine,
In Thrones and Mansions all divine.

6 Let Hope and Courage then return;
Be distant ev'ry worldly Care;
With Chearfulness your Feet shall run
In Paths of Faith and Hope and Pray'r.

7 Oh for the Time when we shall tread
On Sin, on Death, on Satan's Pride;
Be with and like our glorious Head,
And Satan's Rage no more abide.

16

The speedy Appearance of Christ,
an Argument for Moderation.

Phil. iv. 5.

1 **A**TTEND, my Soul, the solemn News ;
Jehovah comes, thy Lord and King ;
He comes, and will not One excuse,
But ev'ry Soul to Judgment bring.

2 His Glories, in which none can vie,
Let Sinners dread, while Saints rejoice :
All Nature must dissolve and die,
But Saints shall live in endless Joys.

3 Before him go devouring Flames ;
The Heav'ns shall melt, the Earth shall burn :
Swift Lightning his Approach proclaims ;
Surpriz'd the fearful Sinners mourn.

4 His Members circle round his Throne
At his tremendous Bar shall stand
The World : Each Action shall be known,
Who kept or fail'd the Lord's Command.

5 Vengeance to Sinners he'll repay ;
But Saints shall Jewels then appear,
And with their Saviour on that Day
Their shining Crowns and Robes shall wear.

6 Let worldly Cares and Joys be few,
All evil Motions quick suppress,
To All your Moderation shew,
You who the Saviour's Name profess.

7 Let all you say and do declare
A meek, a lowly, gen'rous Mind,

His lovely Image whole you are,
And whom all Loveliness you find.
8 With Courage then you'll rise and face
The righteous Judge, your Friend before ;
And sing of Grace, victorious Grace,
When Earth and Time shall be no more.

¹⁷
Constant Prayer a Remedy against
sinful and distracting Care. *Phil.*

iv. 6.

1 **F**OND of the Creature, Unbelief
With Fears our Bosom fills ;
With painful Thoughts and restless Grief,
And all the Tribe of Ills.

2 Our Spirits wander to and fro,
And hover in suspense,
Till to the Mercy-Seat we go,
And find a sure Defence.

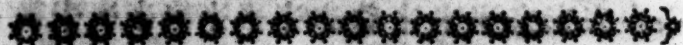
3 Still on his Throne our Father waits,
And tenderly invites
His Saints to seek him in all Straits ;
Our Pray'rs are his Delights.

4 Then let not Unbelief so load
Your Breast with Grief and Care ;
But rest in Faith on that good God
To whom you've made your Pray'r.

5 Let Praise for Mercies you've receiv'd
Be mingled with your Cry ;

You have been heretofore reliev'd,
And God will still supply.

6 Eternal Dove, on us descend ;
Anoint our Hearts and Tongues :
Thine Aid vouchsaf'd our Days we'll spend
In Pray'rs and grateful Songs.



Praise for spiritual and eternal Peace.

Phil. iv. 7.

1 **T**O God's exalted Name,
Our Praises let us pay,
Who doth his Peace on Earth proclaim
And Love to Men display.

2 Wond'rous Descent indeed !
Did God thus Flesh partake ?
Did the eternal Son thus bleed,
Thus Peace for Rebels make ?

3 Come, view the glorious Scheme,
Ye Angels, and adore ;
Believers, this be all your Theme,
Christ's Blood did Peace restore.

4 This Peace-Off'ring receiv'd,
A Peace unknown procures ;
The wounded Conscience thus reliev'd
No more knows painful Hours.

5 Now nothing's seen but Smiles
Bright'ning the Father's Face ;
Who Truth with Mercy reconciles,
By unknown Heights of Grace.

6 Our Minds shall never yield
To Satan's envious Arts ;
Our God hath giv'n us Faith, the Shield
To quench his fiery Darts.

7 Nor Sin, nor Death we fear,
Unhurt we shall remain ;
And in all Duty persevere
Till Glory we obtain.

The Insufficiency of the Creature's
Righteousness. Rom. x. 3.

1 **N**O Creature-Righteousness can hide
The Guilty from Omniscient Eyes ;
Our purest Services when try'd,
A God of Justice will despise.

2 Our God is a consuming Fire ;
His Soul abhors Unrighteousness ;
He doth a spotless Robe require,
To grant the Sinner free Access.

3 Fools labour, but in vain, to shew
Their Works for Righteousness compleat ;
For while they boast of what they do,
Their Confidence is all Deceit.

4 God's Righteousness reveal'd alone
Can Peace for sinful Men secure ;
The bloody Vesture of his Son
Alone Acceptance doth insure.

5 No more on Works our hope we ground :
Our boasted Gain we quite forsake,

That

That we in Jesus may be found,
And of his Righteousness partake.



The Drowsy Christian awakened,
reasoning with himself, and ap-
plying to his Lord:

Alluding to the Disciples sleeping in
the Garden.

1 **F**earless of Danger here I doze,
Beset with ev'ry Snare,
Surrounded by malicious Foes,
Who wage eternal War.

2 Shake off thy Sloth, my drowsy Soul;
Arise, the Tempter's nigh;
His Arts prevail without Controul,
Unless you watch and cry.

3 Awake, and stand upon your Tow'r;
If sleeping thus you stay,
Some Lust your Heart this very Hour
May woefully betray.

4 Hear and obey your Saviour's Voice,
His dying Charge attend,
Lest Sin should be your wretched Choice,
And Satan have his End.

5 With Shame, dear Lord, I own and weep
O'er this my littlest Frame;

Fain would my Soul avoid this Sleep ;
To Flesh belongs the Blame.

6 My Frailties thy Compassions need ;
Thy wonted Pity shew ;

The Love that mov'd thy Soul to bleed,
Can hide my Weakness too.

7 O let the Holy Dove descend,
My drooping Soul to raise,
That I my future Days may spend
In Watchfulness and Praise:

21

The sleepy Professor's Alarm in the
Views of approaching Salvation.

Rom. xiii. 11. Mat. xxv. 6, 7.

1 **A** WAKE, ye Saints, uncloſe your Eyes,
Shake off theſe drowſy Frames ;
'Tis now high Time for you to riſe,
A Voice from Heav'n proclaims.

2 Lo ! your Salvation now draws nigh ;
O ſlumber on no more,
While thoughtleſs ſleeping thus you lie,
Your Saviour's at the Door.

3 To Righteouſneſs forthwith awake ;
All Things are juſt at hand ;
All Things for you are now at ſtake,
And Trial you muſt ſtand.

4 As *Sion's* Virgins paſs your Time,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace ;

Gird up your Loins, your Lamps new trim,
The Bridegroom comes apace.

5 Let Joys eternal and unseen
A holy Zeal create,
Small is the Space that lies between
This and the future State.



Believers more than Conquerors.

Rom. viii. 36, 37.

1 **S**HALL Tribulation or Distress
Or Creature Pow'r the Saints remove ?
What shall from God their Souls divide,
Who share in his eternal Love ?

2 Not all the Rage of Earth and Hell
This Separation can procure ;
Jesus their Surety hath prevail'd ;
Their whole Salvation is secure.

3 In all Temptations they rejoice,
Yea more than Conquerors they joy,
For Vict'ry's always theirs thro' Grace :
They know, they shall their Foes destroy.

4 To your great Lord then, Saints, be true ;
Tho' Hosts combine your Hope to drown,
You shall their haughty Strength subdue,
And then for ever tread them down.

5 United and eternal Songs
Shall our victorious Arms proclaim ;
Shouting shall thro' the Heav'ns resound
All Glory to Immanuel's Name.

23

Readiness to meet the Son of Man in
the Hour of Death or Day of
Judgment. *Luke* xii. 40.

1 **A**TTEND, ye Mortals, hear the Sound ;
The Voice of Christ is to us all ;
See well that ready you be found,
When I, the Son of Man, shall call.

2 The Hour unknown will surely come,
May be the next ; 'tis doubtless near ;
When Each shall reach his longest Home,
And at the Judgment Seat appear.

3 Then let not Earth your Hearts engross :
If the whole World you should obtain,
And lose your Souls ; the dreadful Loss
Would endlessly surpass the Gain.

4 O slumbering Saints, awake, arise ;
Raise from your Lamps a holy Flame :
The Bridegroom's coming will surprize,
And overwhelm the World with Shame.

5 Cloth'd with the Robes of Righteousness,
Attend the Coming of your God ;
His faithful Ones he will confess,
And welcome to their blest Abode.



An Exhortation to Stedfastness a-
gainst Satan's Devices. *Eph.* iv.
27.

- 1 **B**eware, my Soul, the Tempter's Train ;
He takes his Circuit round,
And first tries small Sins, glad to gain
Tho' but an Inch of Ground.
- 2 If his Device shall once prevail
To captivate the Mind,
His second Wile will scarcely fail
Greater Success to find.
- 3 He is thy Enemy avow'd ;
His Aim is to devour :
A Duty left, a Sin allow'd,
Is his successful Hour.
- 4 The Place thy Follies to him give
Will Pain and Sorrow cost ;
Thro' Grace from Christ thou shalt receive
To ballance what is lost.
- 5 The Serpent's Craft is by Degrees
On Hypocrites to gain,
Till in their soul Apostacies
He can all Ends obtain.
- 6 Sin once indulg'd pollutes the Heart,
And breaks the Bands of Peace ;
The Holy Spirit will depart,
Divine Communion cease.
- 7 Then, O my Soul, thy Ground maintain ;
Couragiously resist ;

If stedfast thou thy Faith retain,
The Tempter will desist :

8 For Satan flees the Christian Shield ;
Nor can his Sword endure :
By Faith stand fast ; O never yield ;
Thy Conquest is secure.



²⁵
Satan the Saints Foot. *Rom. xvi. 20.*

1 **Y**E tempted Saints. be fill'd with Joy
Amidst the Threats of Satan's Rage ;
Tho' fiery Darts your Souls annoy ;
Tho' all his Malice you engage.

2 Insulting he may triumph now,
As a fierce Lion o'er his Prey ;
His haughty Neck shall quickly bow,
Your just Resentment to obey.

3 The mighty God of Love and Peace,
Who brought your Saviour from the Dead,
Shall cause the Serpent's Pow'r to cease,
And soon your Feet shall on him tread.

4 Fear not ; fight on with holy Joy,
In certain Prospect of your Crown ;
Our God will his own Arm employ,
And we shall trample Satan down.

5 O glorious Conquest ! happy Hour !
What Songs of Triumph then shall sound,
When Satan's Pow'r exists no more,
When Saints shall stamp him to the Ground !

26

The Blessedness of those who are
dead in the Lord, *Rev. xiv. 13.*

1 **S**ING to the Lamb's victorious Grace,
Ye Objects of redeeming Love,
Come, join the Saints that view his Face,
Rejoicing in his Courts above.

2 Let Faith supply the Want of Sight ;
Within the Vail behold your King ;
The Saints surround him with Delight,
And to him loudest Praises bring.

3 Salvation to thy Name belongs,
These perfect Spirits sing on High ;
With faultless Hearts and chearful Tongues
All shout *Immanuel's* Victory.

4 Happy the Dead, arriv'd secure,
O'er *Jordan's* gloomy swelling Tide ;
They Sin and Death no more endure,
But in the purest Peace reside.

5 Ye Faithful, banish all your Fear ;
Your absent Spirits shall be blest ;
Shall with these glorious Saints appear,
And share with them eternal Rest.

27

The Blessedness of Those who hear
and love the Gospel. *Psalms*
lxxxix. 15.

1 **H**APPY the Man that knows
The Sound of Wisdom's Voice ;

Who

Who when her Silver Trumpet blows,
Feels all his Heart rejoice.

2 A joyful Noise he hears
Of Liberty and Peace :
While Love divine his Spirit cheers,
All legal Terrors cease.

3 The Tidings sent from Heav'n
In Love's sweet Accents shew
Pardon to Mortals freely giv'n,
Who to the Saviour bow.

4 The Charmer charms in vain
To Ears uncircumcis'd ;
His Strength meets only with Disdain,
And Wisdom is despis'd.

5 But Souls born from above
With joyful Hearts embrace
The Tidings of redeeming Love,
The News of sovereign Grace.

6 Blest are the Men that know
This Gospel's joyful Sound ;
Mercy flows thro' the Paths they go,
And Lights their Steps surround.



²⁸
The Gospel-Invitation to sensible
Sinners. *Isa*, lv. 1. *John* vii. 37.
Rev. xxii. 17.

1 **H**ARK, 'tis the Voice of Wisdom ; hear
The sweet melodious Sound ;

C 5 To

To me, ye thirsty Souls, repair ;
My Table now surround.

2 Ho to the Waters All that pant,
For the refreshing Stream ;
My Wine and Milk, which help the Faint,
Most freely flows for them.

3 Here's Plenty of forgiving Grace
For those who have no Worth ;
Convinc'd of sin, come take your Place ;
For you it is set forth.

4 Come without Price, and buy my Food,
For you a cheap Repast ;
But purchas'd with my precious Blood,
And Grace prepares the Feast.

Good News for the Penitent.

Heb. viii. 12.

1 **C**OME, let our Souls rejoice ;
The Son hath made us free ;
Exalt the Grace Jehovah's Voice
Conveys to such as we.

2 No more will I record
The Sins you now confess ;
I will have Mercy saith the Lord,
On your Unrighteousness.

3 Unrighteous, Lord, we are ;
Our Sins for Vengeance plead :
Dost thou free Pardon thus declare
To all thy chosen Seed ?

4 This

4 This suits our wretched State,
Who never could atone
For any Sin, or small or great,
By Merits of our own.

5 Thy rich and sovereign Grace,
Dear Father, we adore ;
Thro' Faith thy Promise we embrace,
And serve our Lusts no more.

Sustaining Grace. ^{3d} *Psal.* cxix, 117.

1 O Thou that savest in Distress,
Nor wilt the Poor despise,
Uphold the Soul, her Wants redress,
Who on thy Grace relies.

2 Oppress'd by Sin and worldly Cares,
I sink without thine Aid ;
While all the Tempter's subtle Snares
Around my Feet are laid.

3 Thou art my Hiding-Place, my Shield,
To thee I now resort ;
Thine everlasting Arm reveal'd
Will yield me full Support.

If thou sustain'st me, I am safe
Amidst all threatening Ill :
My Soul in Patience shall out-brave
The Tempter's Pow'r and Skill

5 Thus shall I run with godly Fear
In thy appointed Ways ;
In all thy Precepts persevere,
And sing thine endless Praise.

This

Divine

Divine Compassions in Chastenings.

Prov. .iii. 11, 12.

1 **A**S tender Parents chide with Care
 The Son they dearly love,
 And gladly would Correction spare,
 While all their Bowels move.

2 So are the Chast'nings of the Lord,
 On all his chosen Race ;
 His Visitations still afford
 Fresh Tokens of his Grace.

3 When first their wand'ring Footsteps err,
 He watches to reclaim ;
 And all the Strokes they're call'd to bear
 Are laid with this kind Aim.

4 In Faithfulness he strikes betimes ;
 Yet moderates their Grief ;
 Their Frames remembers with their Crimes,
 And meditates Relief.

5 With great Compassions thus He'll chide
 The Darlings of his Heart ;
 And when their Souls are purifi'd,
 Will bid the Rod depart.

6 His Loving-Kindness firm shall stand
 For those He will chastise :
 Sink not my Soul, beneath His Hand,
 Nor his Rebukes despise.



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The Believer's Refuge in Affliction.

Psalms lv. 22.

1 **F**EAR not, my Soul, oppress'd with Cares,
But cast thy Burden on the Lord ;
His Arm almighty ever bears
The Saints that trust his holy Word.

2 Tho' Troubles like the Surges rise,
And threat'ning Waves distress thy Mind,
The Soul that on his Grace relies
Salvation shall unfailing find.

3 When Refuge fails, he'll not disdain
To hear thy Groans and yield Relief ;
Thy Heart o'erburthen'd he'll sustain,
And bear thee high above thy Grief.

4 The Wise that know his righteous Name
Still to the Lord themselves betake,
And still unitedly proclaim
The Lord his own will ne'er forsake.

5 Then cast thy Burden on the Lord ;
Thee he'll not suffer to be mov'd ;
A full Supply he shall afford,
And let thee know, that thou art lov'd.



32
True Penitents encouraged.

1 **B**LEST are the contrite Souls who mourn
Their Sins before the Lord,
Who from the Paths of Folly turn,
To keep his holy Word.

2 Their

2 Their broken Hearts, oppress'd with Grief,
The Mercy-Seat will move,
For there they meet with sure Relief,
Ev'n all-forgiving Love.

3 Afflicted Sinners, hear and know
The Ways of sov'reign Grace ;
God will abundant Favour shew,
And Penitents embrace.

4 Ye Saints, who Pard'ning-Mercy share,
Your grateful Voices raise ;
The Riches of his Grace declare
In everlasting Praise.

³⁴
Rejoicing in the Lord, and recom-
mending his Goodness. *Psa.*
xxxiv. 2.

1 **M**Y Soul shall mightily rejoice,
And glory in the Lord ;
Exalted be my tuneful Voice
To triumph in his Word.

2 In deep Distress his Aid I sought
With earnest Cries and Tears :
His mighty Arm Salvation brought,
And banish'd all my Fears.

3 Hear and be glad, ye humble Saints ;
O magnify the Lord ;
To him apply with your Complaints ;
He will Relief afford.

4 The Lord is good ; his Righteousness
And Strength are ever sure :
To those who trust him in Distress
Salvation is secure.

5 With chearful Hearts then let us join
To sing Jehovah's Praise :
O taste how sweet his Love divine !
O see how rich his Grace.

35

On those who disputed with *Stephen* : or, Unbelievers confounded
and enraged. *Acts vii.*

1 **A**S *Stephen*, in the Church renown'd,
When with the Jews engag'd,
Did all their Subtleties confound ;
And then their Envy rag'd.

2 So Unbelievers, fill'd with Pride,
Salvation still despise :
Convictions, which they can't abide,
Still cause their Lusts to rise.

3 Blest are the humble Souls that fly
To God's anointed Shield ;
Who on his Sacrifice rely,
And to his Sceptre yield.

36

The Christian Proto-Martyr : or,
Stephen stoned, charging the High-
 Priest and Jews with Obstinacy
 and Cruelty. *Acts vii.*

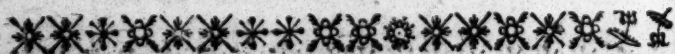
1 **W**ITH dazzling Glory on his Face,
 Firm Holy *Stephen* stood,
 And boldly charg'd a murd'ring Race,
 The Sons of Pride and Blood.

2 With envious Rage they turn on *Steph'n*,
 Who on his God relies,
 And, looking stedfast up to Heav'n,
 The Saviour he descries.

3 Behold, at God's Right Hand, saith he,
 Quite open to my View,
 In Heav'n the Son of Man I see,
 Whom ye betray'd and slew.

4 Aloud they cry, and stop the Ear,
 And then, with one Consent,
 Without the City *Stephen* bear,
 And stone the praying Saint.

5 Amidst the Throng, in glorious Rays,
 To *Abel* he succeeds,
 And, in the Praise of sov'reign Grace,
 The Christian Martyrs leads.



37

The Heart and Purposes of a Persecutor broken by the Power of the exalted Redeemer : or the Conversion of Saul. *Acts*, Chapters ix. xxii. and xxvi. compared.

1 **P**ROUD *Saul* the Pharisee design'd
To slay the precious Saints,
And, fraught with Rage, his envious Mind
For their Destruction pants.

2 Commission'd by Authority,
In haste he bends his Way ;
With Vengeance in his Heart draws nigh,
And boasts the threat'ned Prey :

3 When, swift as Lightning from the Skies,
Down came the Lord and met
The Rebel, who now trembling lies,
Obedient at his Feet.

4 Almighty Grace and boundless Love
Such Rage and Guilt o'ercame,
And made a *Sau'* a *Paul* to prove,
And of a Wolf a Lamb.



38
The Conquering Saviour : Alluding
to the Conversion of St. *Paul*.
Acts ix. 1. — 20.

1 **H**AIL, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious Swo.d !

D 2

The

The

The stoutest Rebel must resign
At thy commanding Word.

2 The strongest Holds of Satan yield
To thine all conqu'ring Hand ;
When once thy glorious Arm's reveal'd,
No Creature can withstand.

3 Deep are the Wounds thine Arrows give ;
They pierce, they kill the Heart :
Thy living Words thy Slain revive,
And Love unknown impart.

4 Gird now thy Sword upon thy Thigh,
Most mighty Prince of Peace ;
Ride forth in full Prosperity ;
Nor let thy Conquests cease.

39

The enquiring Soul instructed : Al-
luding to the Case of the Eunuch.
Acts viii. 26. to the End.

1 **B**EST are the humble Souls that seek
To know and serve the Lord ;
Whose Hearts incline to search his Law,
And meditate his Word.

2 By persevering they shall know
The Ways of Truth and Grace ;
And God will lead them to behold
His reconciled Face.

3 The Lord to his own Seed ne'er said
" Seek ye my Face in vain : "

The Meek shall sure Instruction find,
And saving Light obtain.

4. Then follow on, enquiring Souls,
Encreasing Light shall shine ;
Thus shall ye know and taste and feel
The Joys that are divine.



40

An Address to the Lord of the Har-
vest on a Scarcity of Gospel Mi-
nisters. *Luke x. 2.*

1 **O** Thou that didst ascend on high,
Of All the mighty Lord,
Of Teachers grant a quick Supply,
And Gifts divine afford.

2 Thy Churches languish, sigh and wait,
Till thou their State review :
*Thy Harvest truly, Lord, is great,
But Labourers are few.*

3 See how thy People, far and near,
False Teachers now betray ;
Thy Sheep without a Shepherd are
To Wolves an easy Prey.

4 O let not thy fair Virgins faint,
Or seek thy Word in vain ;
Refresh the thirsty Souls that pant
The Waters to obtain.

5 Send forth thy Pastors who shall feed
The Flock thou didst redeem,
And guide in Pastures green, and lead
Beside the gentle Stream.

6 Then shall the People bless thy Name,
Convert their Sighs to Songs ;
To Jesus then they will proclaim,
Eternal Praise belongs.

41
The Heretick unmasked.

1 **B**Ehold, the Heretick appears
In Form of Godliness ;
He proudly boasting knows no Fears,
But swells in Haughtiness.

2 The sacred Word, so deep and high,
He wrests with impious Air ;
And cavils at each Mystery
The Holy Books declare.

3 Proud of his own imagin'd worth,
He saving Faith denies ;
Scorning the Saints, and setting forth
Their Hope and Trust as Lyes.

4 He watches early, watches late,
As Satan 'guiled Eve,
To creep in and to captivate,
And thoughtless Ones deceive.

5 His Words are soft, his Speeches fair,
Specious his Shew of Love ;

Studios

Studious the Simple to prepare
His Errors to approve.

6 Philosophy and vain Deceits
He takes as his Disguise,
And craftily the Scripture treats,
To propagate his Lyes.

7 His inmost Thoughts he seeks to hide:
By Terms and Ways obscure,
Fearing his Principles, when try'd,
Will not the Light endure.

8 A round Subjection he affects
To sacred Words reveal'd ;
All other Language he rejects ;
And thus he lies conceal'd.

9 But all this seeming to believe
And own this Word divine,
but an Engine to deceive,
And cover his Design

10 To Creeds no Rev'rence he affords,
And thus his Notion states,
That Truth runs best in Scripture Words,
While Truth is what he hates.

11 The Tongues of such like Swords are drawn,
For Cavil and Dispute ;
Pride, Passion, and a haughty Tone,
Their Cause and Temper suit.

12 Detected he grows insolent,
And bids all Rules begone ;
And all his Talents then are spent
The Truth to trample down.

13 Thus

13 Thus, fill'd with Envy and Disdain,
He scoffs and spurns at Truth,
And grows more harden'd and prophane
Till Vengeance stops his Mouth.

14 My Soul, thyself from such withdraw,
Lest thou be turn'd aside,
And leave them to a fiery Law,
To burn up all their Pride.

42
H E L L,

The Torments exquisite and eternal.

Mark ix. 48.

1 **I**N the dark Regions of the Deep,
Where Devils rage, reserv'd in Chains,
Despairing Sinners howl and weep,
Blaspheming God amidst their Pains.

2 While wounded Conscience will upbraid,
And rend each guilty wretched Breast,
Deserv'd Vengeance is display'd,
Nor yields the Soul one Moment's Rest.

3 Their gnawing Worm shall never die,
But goaw them in eternal Flames ;
For Wrath divine stands dreadful by,
And Rights of Justice strictly claims.

4 The Lake with Brimstone ever burns,
And endless Clouds of Smoak ascend ;

White

While Deity incens'd returns
Their Deeds in Torments without End.

5 Ye Sinners listen and beware ;
Flee from the fiery Wrath to come ;
Bow to the Saviour, and prepare
To 'scape this endless fearful Doom.



43
H E A V E N,

Its high and everlasting Joys. *Isa.*

xxxv. 10. *Rev.* xx. 23. Chap.

xxii. 1.

1 **I**N the bright Realms of Light above,
Where holy Angels sweetly sing,
Triumphant Saints rejoice and love,
Exulting in their God and King.

2 Serene the Chosen there remain ;
Nor Guilt nor Grief disturb their Breast ;
Unfals'd Gladness they obtain
In Mansions of eternal Rest.

3 What boundless Seas of Love divine
There ravish the capacious Soul,
While Pleasures, knowing no Decline,
In living Oceans endless roll !

4 They shine in everlasting Day,
Nor Light derive from Sun or Moon,

But

But from the Lamb, who shall display
His Glories in eternal Noon.

- 5 The living Water ever flows,
While Songs perfum'd with Love ascend ;
And there a smiling God bestows
Rewards of Grace that know no End.



44

The Upright Man censur'd in his
Affliction : His Complaint and
Consolation. *Job 23.*

- 1 **S**urrounded with Distress and Woe,
My Soul oppress'd lies,
Abandon'd both of Friend and Foe,
Who censure and despise.
- 2 False Charges still they multiply,
Each like a poison'd Dart,
Fast'ning on my Integrity,
And piercing thro' my Heart.
- 3 My righteous Judge I seek in vain ;
Still Darkness hides his Face ;
I turn from Side to Side in Pain,
And languish for his Grace.
- 4 But lo his Eyes survey my Bed ;
He sees my Heart and Way ;
Nor will he fail my Cause to plead
At the appointed Day.

5. When

5 When try'd, as Gold I shall appear ;
My Faith shall then be known,
And my Uprightness shall be clear
As the unclouded Noon.

6 Then shall the Brightness of my Face
Confound the stand'rous Tongue ;
While Wisdom, Grace, and Faithfulness,
Shall be my endless Song.



45

The Rejoicing of a good Conscience
under Reproaches. *Job xxiii.* 10,
11, 12.

1 **T**HO' frightful Snares beset me round,
And threat'ning Billows roll ;
Tho' Scandal and Reproach abound,
To vex my weary Soul ;

2 A Conscience pure still testifies
My Heart to be sincere :
Presumption and Hypocrisies
All hateful still appear.

3 My Feet have held the Path divine,
When Sinners did entice ;
Nor do they yet from thence decline,
To tread the Paths of Vice.

4 God's Word I treasure up and prize
Beyond all earthly Good ;

Compar'd

Compard'd with this I still despise
My necessary Food.

5 Cenforious Men, who dwell at ease,
May proudly on me tread ;
My Saviour, whom I seek to please,
My righteous Cause will plead.

⁴⁶
Dark Providences consistent with the
Unchangeableness of God's Love
to his People. *Job xxiii. 13, 14.*

1 **B**eyond th' Extent of Reason's Line,
Deep are the Ways of Providence ;
Thick Darkness veils the great Design,
And wisely holds us in Suspence.

2 Faith shall supply the Want of Sight,
To guard our tim'rous Souls from Fear,
Till Jesus brings us forth to Light,
And makes his Righteousness appear.

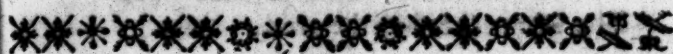
3 In Clouds the Upright often mourn,
While Sinners shine in Mirth and Ease ;
But nothing can th' Almighty turn,
Or cause his Purposes to cease.

4 Thro' ev'ry Change his Mind is one :
His Purposes unvaried are ;
In Judgment all his Works are done :
All Things his Sov'reignty declare.

5 His Hand performs the Thing decreed
For those he loves : But while he loves

He chastens sore his chosen Seed,
And strikes the Saints his Soul approves.

6 His Rods, for Kind and Numbers, lie
A Secret in his holy Breast ;
But all are sent to purify
And fit his Children for their Rest.



⁴⁷
The insulted Believer's Reply to his
Adversary. *Micah* vii. 7, 8, 9,
and 10. Verses. applied to a pri-
vate Case.

1 **I**N my forlorn afflicted State
I give myself to Pray'r ;
For God, my Saviour, I will wait ;
My God will surely hear.

2 Base Enemy, no more insult
O'er me in my Distress ;
Still in the Lord I shall exult,
Who is my Righteousness.

3 Cease, haughty Foe, to mock my Pain,
While I in Darkness sit ;
For when I fall I rise again ;
And God is still my Light.

4 Conscious of Sin, I freely bear
The Chast'nings of the Lord ;
Who will to plead my Cause appear,
And sure Relief afford.

5 His Righteousness I shall behold,
When Light springs from above;
And try'd, I shall come forth as Gold,
To praise his wond'rous Love.

6 Then shall mine Eyes see her that said
In Scorn, *where is thy God?*
Cover'd with Shame: And, as Men tread
The Mire, she shall be trod.

48
The Sovereignty and Unchangeable-
ness of God, an Argument to
Submission and Patience. *Job*
xxiii. 13.

1 **N**O more, my troubled Soul, repine,
Tho' Sorrows should increase,
Thy Father from his blest Design
of Grace will never cease.

2 The haughty Sinners still shall fail,
When with him they contend:
His sov'reign Will shall still prevail,
And still obtain his End.

3 His Providence, by None restrain'd,
And ev'ry Age makes known,
That all his Purposes shall stand,
And all his Will be done.

4 Creation, Providence, and Grace,
His sov'reign Right proclaim:
Shall sinful Man then blame his Ways,
And of his Will complain?

The

49

The Blessedness of Those who are
truly enlightened. *Mat. xiii. 16.*

1 **B**LEST are the Eyes that tru'y see,
The open'd Ears that hear ;
Who from the Bands of Satan free,
Are taught the Lord to fear.

2 When press'd with Sins their Hearts shall fail,
And quake at *Sinai's* Voice,
Then *Sion's* Trumpet shall prevail,
To make their Hearts rejoice.

3 With Shame, Humility and Fear,
All prostrate at the Throne,
They hear a gracious God declare
Forgiveness thro' his Son.

4 Their dying Spirits then revive,
And love, and blest, and praise
The Voice that bids them hope and live ;
And sing to sov'reign Grace.

5 Happy repenting Sou's who see
Their Guilt and their Release ;
Who to the only Saviour flee
For Refuge, Life and Peace.

6 O the sweet Peace and blest Delight
They feel when they believe !
And when their Faith is lost in Sight,
Who can their Joys conceive ?

The Christian flourishing in the Ex-
ercise of Hope. *Jahn* xv. 16.
Heb. vi. 10, 11.

1 **A**S fruitful Trees the Righteous stand,
Fed with pure Waters from above,
And, planted by Jehovah's Hand,
They ever bear the Fruits of Love.

2 Their Hope's a never failing Spring
Of Peace and Joy and Love and Praise,
Which makes them Fruit in Plenty bring,
To praise the Glory of his Grace.

3 Their Goodness never can extend
To their exalted Head above ;
But his poor Saints they kindly tend ;
And These shall witness to their Love.)

4 See how these Trees all Trials 'bide,
Fed by the Sap of Love Divine ;
In Frosts, and Blasts, and Tempests try'd,
Nor Verdure nor their Fruits decline.

5 The circling Seasons of the Year
Witness the Fruits of Righteousness,
The Fruits of Faith and Love they bear,
As Trees the Lord delights to bless.

6 These are the Plants of high Renown ;
Growing for Paradise above ;
The Plants a gracious God will own,
And soon transplant to Realms of Love.

51

The Church compared to a Garden
and a City. *Sol. Song* iv. 12. v.
1. *Isa.* li. 3. *Pf.* xlviii. 1. cxxii. 3.

1 **T**HE Church in this Wilderness
Like a fair Garden lies ;
Enclos'd from Lands and safe from Seas
Of Lyes and Vanities.

2 She stands a City on a Hill,
Wall'd with Salvation round ;
For God is there to guard from Ill,
And all her Foes confound.

3 Her beauteous Walks in order lie,
Mark'd out by Wisdom's Line ;
And thence th' eternal Hills we spy,
And Objects all Divine.

4 As Trees of Righteousness the Saints
Adorn the goodly Space :
How various are the lovely Plants
Rais'd up by sov'reign Grace !

5 How wond'rously they shoot and grow,
Laden with Fruits of Love,
And water'd with pure Streams that flow
From Springs of Grace above.

6 'Tis here the Lord delights to dwell,
And pleasant Fruits he eats ;
While Spices with their fragrant Smell
Enrich the Air with Sweets.

7 When to their Statute they arrive;
Christ will his Saints remove.

E 3

From

From Earth to Heav'n with him to live
In Realms of endless Love.



52

Covenant Promises : Or the Happi-
ness of God's chosen People.
Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 27. Jere. xxxii.
38, 41.

1 **I**N Counsel thus Jehovah spake
Of all his chosen Race :

Their stony Hearts away I'll take,
And give them Hearts of Flesh.

2 My Spirit shall descend as Rain,
To cleanse their Filthiness :

No Lust or Idol shall remain,
Where I the Heart possess.

3 Then in my Statues they shall walk ;
And, studious of my Ways,
Shall of my Judgments wisely talk,
And shew forth all my Praise.

4 Then, as my People, they shall be
The saved of my Arm ;
And I will be their God, and see,
That None shall do them Harm.

5 I'll be to them a Father too,
The Lord Almighty saith ;
As Sons and Daughters they shall know
My Love, and I their Faith.

6 Against them None shall e'er prevail,
To turn their Hearts aside ;
My Grace to them shall never fail
But still with them abide.

7 How happy is this chosen Race
Whose Hope is in God's Word !
O happy People in this Case,
Whose Portion is the Lord !

53
God's Sovereignty an Argument for
Submission under afflictive Dispen-
sations. *Job* i. 21. *Chap.* ix. 12.
Chap. xxxiii. 12, 13. *Eccles.* iii.
14. *Rom.* ix. 20.

1 **P**arent of th' Universe, thy Will
Is absolute and free :
And all created Things fulfil
Thy sov'reign Decree.

2 The Lots of all thy Creatures shew,
That all thy Will shall stand ;
And all their Pow'r can't overthrow
Thy Word, or stay thy Hand.

3 Thy Wisdom plans thy great Design
And glorifies thy Name ;
Let Earth, as Heav'n, to Thee resign,
And both thy Praise proclaim.

4 Be still then ; 'tis the Lord, my Soul,
And bow beneath his Rod ;

Learn

Learn, that his Will knows not controul ;
And know, that he is God.

5 Dread Sov'reign to thy Will I bow ;
For to thy Pleasure still
Thy Creatures all Obedience owe ;
And Good is all thy Will.



Christ and his professing People compared to a Vine and it's Branches

1 **T**O a fair spreading fruitful Vine
Our Lord himself compares
The Tree that teems with gen'rous Wine,
Which fainting Mortals cheers.

2 To him as various Branches knit,
Their various Names Men give ;
Some fruitless, others bearing Fruit ;
Some dead, and some alive.

3 This glorious Vine the Father tends,
And gives it all his Cares ;
Purgeth the Branch that fruitful bends,
And still more Fruit it bears.

4 While fruitless Branches he cuts off,
And casts into the Fire.
Hear, barren Christian, lest thou prove
Such Object of his Ire.

5 But still rejoice, ye Saints, that feel
And bend beneath the Load
Of lovely Fruit, and answer still
The Culture of your God.

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55

On the first Day of the Year.

1 **L**ONG have I stood a barren Tree ;
A Cumb'rer of the Ground ;
And long, Lord, hast thou tended me,
But little Fruit hast found.

2 Goodness and Mercy from thy Throne
My num'rous Days have fill'd ;
And still thou let'st a Tree alone
Whose Grapes are only wild.

3 Still shouldst Thou wait another Year,
My barren Soul to prove,
O may thy Grace my Heart prepare
To yield Thee Fruits of Love.

4 None knows what shall a Year betide :
But this is surely known,
That Sin and Sorrow here abide,
The Lot of ev'ry one.

5 When fore Temptations I pass through,
And round me Snares are set,
As is my Day, so Strength renew
And keep my wand'ring Feet.

6 O, like an Olive fat and green,
A Plant of righteous Fame
May all my Fruits be fair, and seen
To praise thy gracious Name.



56

On the Last Day of a Year.

1 **A**RISE, my Soul, this Day review
The now expiring Year.

What

What Praises to thy God are due,
For all his Love and Care !

2 How many thousand Souls are fled,
Since the last New Year's Day ;
Their Bodies number'd with the Dead,
And mould'ring into Clay.

3 Oh, in what Dangers, Fears, and Straits
Thy Life has been upheld ;
And still sweet Mercy on thee waits,
And God is still thy Shield.

4 With Grief and Shame past Months survey,
And all thy Guilt confess ;
Lament the Errors of each Day,
And mourn thy Barrenness.

5 My num'rous Sins, O Lord, forgive,
And bless me with thy Grace,
That if another Year I live,
It may be to thy Praise.

57
The Hypocrite.

1 **A**S Players on the Stage appear,
Disguis'd in various Drels,
So Hypocrites in Churches wear
The Garb of Holiness.

2 These are your curious Saints in Shew ;
Dead Men that seem to live ;
Who while they boast of what they do,
Do nothing but deceive.

3 Their

- 3 Their Care is only for the Name-
Of Holiness and Pray'r ;
Only the Name ; for 'tis their Aim
To cheat you by the Snare.
- 4 For trimming he's an Artist rare,
And nimbly changes Sides ;
He's here and there and every where,
Where Interest abides.
- 5 In private such are seldom found
On Duties to attend ;
Such Works by no Means correspond
With their chief Taste or End.
- 6 With stiff affected Sanctity
From less Sins they refrain ;
But, when secur'd by Secrecy,
Give to their Lusts the Rein.
- 7 Conscious of Guilt, tormenting Thought
And Fear their Hearts o'erspread
Lest All should at the last break out,
And shew the Masquerade.
- 8 An Hypocrite can ne'er endure
The Light that clearly shines ;
Only in Darkness he's secure,
For dark are his Designs.
- 9 If Conscience lets him fairly see
The Pains of threat'ning Hell,
To lying Refugees he'll flee,
And say, that All is well.
- 10 But lo the Judge of Truth shall come ;
In vain to him he'll cry ;

Devouring

Their

Devouring Flames shall be his Doom
To all Eternity.

58

On sensible Declensions of Nature.

1 *Cor.* xv. 55. 2 *Cor.* v. 1. 2 *Tim.* i. 12.

1 **W**HEN, fast'ning on my Clay Abode,
Diseases tell me, Death draws near ;
That at the Judgment-Seat of God
I must ere long my self appear ;

2 I shall, thro' Mercy well I know,
When from this Tent of Clay I move,
Into my heav'nly Mansion go,
Provided by eternal Love.

3 My Saviour is before me gone,
His precious Blood for me to plead ;
And at the awful burning Throne,
Will surely answer in my stead.

4 Why should I fear a ruin'd For ?
Why shake at conquer'd Death's Alarms ?
My Saviour lives ; I shall live to too,
And live forever in his Arms.

5 Farewel, vain World of Sin and Snare,
Where Satan's Siftings never cease ;
Farewel, for ever Pains and Tears ;
I go to everlasting Peace.

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Legal Repentance : Or the Case of
an unregenerate Man in Terror.

2 Cor. vii. 10.

1 **W**HEN guilty Fears the Soul surprize,
And storm the Sinner's Breast,
To Tears and Penance quick he flies,
To give his Bosom rest.

2 Amidst his noisy worldly Grief
His Lusts he still retains ;
And still to Pride and Unbelief
Enslav'd his Heart remains.

3 The Pow'r of Sin remains unbroke ;
His Howling's all Deceit ;
He feels the Wrath, and fears the Stroke ;
But still the Sin is sweet.

4 This guilty Sorrow fits for Wrath,
And Judgment yet to come ;
It works to black Despair and Death,
A fearful endless Doom.

5 A broken Heart's the Sacrifice
That's pleasing to the Lord,
And contrite Souls he'll ne'er despise ;
But Grace to them afford.

⁶⁰
Free Grace vindicated from the Im-
putation of leading to Licentious-
ness. Rom. vi. 2.

1 **L**ET not the Sinner rashly say,
Since Grace triumphant is,

I'll freely all my Lusts obey,
And do what'er I please.

2 The Wretch so base who lives in Sin,
That Grace may still abound,
Shares Nothing in the Love divine,
But graceless will be found.

3 They die to Sin on whom the Grace
Thro' Righteousness now shines ;
Nor can their Will that Love displease
Which saves them from their Sins.

4 And how can they be dead to Sin,
Yet live in Sin the while ?
Can Grace produce a Libertine,
Or Holiness make Vile ?

5 Silence, ye Sland'ers of Free Grace ;
Sin can't the Saint subdue :
Let Shame for This now veil your Face,
And Grace shall pardon you.

6 Ye Saints who taste this Gift of Heav'n,
From ev'ry Sin abstain,
And shew the Grace the Lord hath giv'n
To you is not in vain.



THE RICH WORLDLING.

A Paraphrase on *Luke* xii. from the
16th to the 21st Verse.

A Man abounding in all earthly Good,
Whose Fields and Vineyards with rich plen-
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His Barns already full, his Stock now great,
 Thus with himself did of his Wealth debate :
 What shall I do, saith he ? I have no room
 Where to bestow my Fruits, and Goods to come.
 Musing he then resolv'd, " Thus I will do,
 " My Barns I'll now pull down and make me new ;
 " Of larger Size my Storehouses I'll build,
 " That with my crowded Goods they may be fill'd ;
 " This done, then to myself I'll say, my Soul,
 " Much Goods thou hast ; happy thy Years shall roll
 " All crown'd with Plenty ; come then, take
 thine Ease ;
 " And all thy Days thy Lusts and Fancies please ;
 " Eat, drink, and with sweet Mirth thyself regale ;
 " For num'rous Years thy Portion cannot fail."

So Infidels. estrang'd from Life divine,
 Heav'n's Bounties only to their Lusts consign.
 As they of old, enrich'd they knew not how,
 Forsook the Lord, to senseless Stocks to bow.
 Adul't'rous Hearts from Sin can never cease,
 But with their Riches still their Crimes increase.

Return we to the rich presumptuous Man,
 Who now rejoicing o'er the wanton Plan ;
 And thinking all in Safety, Nothing fear'd,
 But in that Instant, all surpriz'd he heard
 The Voice of God in Thunder, thus, " Thou Fool
 " This Night from thee I will demand thy Soul :
 " Thou to thy Pleasures hast no Years to give ;
 " I've said ; beyond this Night thou shalt not live.
 " My Word accomplish'd, All this earthly Store
 " Of Fruits and Goods and Barns are thine no more.

' Whose shall they be ? To Thee thy Labour's loil;
 ' Now others shall be merry at thy Cost.
 ' Is this thine All ? O Fool ! Thine All devise,
 ' And say, who shall enjoy it, Fool or Wise ?
 ' Thou know'st not, but shalt surely lose the whole,
 ' And with it thy beguil'd, thy precious Soul ;
 ' Thy precious Soul, which, at thy guilty Hands,
 ' This Night, behold the Messenger demands.

So ev'ry one that boasts his worldly Good,
 And only thinks of Earth for his Abode,
 Presumptuous reckons on long Life and Ease ;
 And vows his Lusts and Appetites to please ;
 His graceless Heart rejoices in its Shame,
 While godly Riches have with him no Name.
 The sudden Word that says, *No longer live,*
 Does all at once him of his All deprive.
 In the worst Plight the bare stript Soul departs,
 And at its Nakedness with Horror starts :
 No Righteousness at Hand, no living Name
 Impress'd, to save it now from Wrath and Shame.
 Despair and Anguish seize it for their own,
 And now it sees and 'wails its righteous Doom.

Thus at his Death all his fine Hopes expire,
 But leave him living in eternal Fire.

From coveting of Earth, my Soul, desist ;
 Know, in Abundance Life doth not consist ;
 These Things possess'd, tho' in the largest Measure,
 Will in another World be deem'd no Treasure.
 Let not Earth's Plenty then thy Heart deceive ;
 With this short Life, this Plenty thou shalt leave ;

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When thou a deathless Spirit must remain,
 And share in everlasting Joy or Pain.
 Go then to Christ, who can thy Wants supply,
 And wisely of him Gold and Garments buy ;
 Cloth'd in his Righteousness, in that confide,
 The only Robe thy Nakedness can hide ;
 The only Robe that can to God commend,
 And challenge Pleasures that shall never end.
 Thus freed from Guilt and furnish'd with a Share
 Of Graces which thy Soul for Heav'n prepare,
 Thyself and all thou hast for Christ employ,
 And he'll repay thy Love with endless Joy.
 O God of Grace, exert thine Arm divine ;
 Now to thy precious Word my Heart incline,
 Thy Pow'r alone can from the Earth remove
 My doting Heart to fix on Things above.
 When This is done, my Treasure then I know,
 Is safe with Christ, to whom at Death I go ;
 The Gold that perishes I'll freely leave,
 My God, my everlasting Portion to receive.



The Parable of the *Rich Man* and
Lazarus.

A Paraphrase, with Reflections, on
Luke xvi. from Verse 19. to the
 End.

OF old there liv'd a Man of Jewish Race,
 Of wealth immense but void of saving Grace ;
 In Linnen he appear'd most fine and gay
 And Robes of Purple cloath'd him ev'ry Day.

His Table was with Splendour daily set,
Flowing with Wine, and deck'd with costly Meat.
Thus liv'd the Man in Luxury and Pride,
And thro' his Riches, all his Lusts supply'd.

A certain Beggar, *Laz'rus* was his Name,
(Who had, as *Abr'ham's* Seed, as just a Claim
As the rich Man) now in the sorest Strait,
Was laid diseas'd and hungry at his Gate.
Crumbs from the Table only he implores ;
While Kennel-Hounds come forth and lick his Sores.
But all his Groans, and Cries, and Sores, and Pain,
Not one poor Crumb to comfort him could gain.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Rich and Poor in Churches are
The one to be the other's Care ;
The Former gen'rously to give,
The Latter humbly to receive.
But oft the Rich when wanton grown,
In Pride the needy Saints disown :
They shut their Bowels 'gainst their Grief,
And will not yield the Poor Relief.

3. Soon after came the Hour, of God decreed,
When *Laz'rus* should from all his Ills be freed.
By happy Death. The guardian Angels fly
To bear his precious Soul up thro' the Sky :
And swiftly on their Wings their Charge convey,
To Realms of Joy and everlasting Day.
Now safely lodg'd in Father *Abr'ham's* Breast,
His weary Soul is satiated with Rest.

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Secure in Lux'ry Kill the rich Man liv'd ;
 But 'twas not long his pamper'd Flesh surviv'd ;
 While all his Lusts he gorg'd without controul,
 Death, arm'd with Sin, arrests his guilty Soul.
 Servants his Corps with costly Spice prepare,
 And to the Grave with Fun'ral Honours bear ;
 But see, alas ! his ruin'd Soul descend
 Into the Pit where Torments never end.

REFLECTION.

All are, as Poor or Rich unknown
 To Death, who all Degrees cuts down.
 The Bodies of th' Unjust and Just
 Lie on a Level in the Dust :
 While wide apart their Spirits dwell ;
 In Heav'n *these* joy, *those* weep in Hell.
 And when the present Things are past,
 Many *now* First will *then* be Last.

3. In Hell the Wretch lifts up his baleful Eyes,
 And lo, far distant, thence, with Grief describes
 Laz'rus in Abr'ham's Bosom fully blest
 Himself in Flames, with ev'ry Torment prest ;
 All happy Laz'rus, Laz'rus : once deny'd ;
 Then Anguish seiz'd his Breast and loud he cry'd
 " Have Mercy, Father Abr'ham ; Laz'rus send,
 " In Water let him dip his Finger's End,
 " To cool my Tongue, O Father for I am
 " Tormented in this living rapid Flame."
 Thy Suit, alas ! is vain, replies the Sire,
 O Son, thou hast enjoy'd thy Heart's Desire ;
 O Life now past thou didst receive thy Good ;
 In Laz'rus then were evil Things bestow'd.

Chang'd

Chang'd is the Scene ; his Comforts now are come,
And Torments now are thine eternal Doom.

REFLECTION.

How wretched is the Sinner's State !
Hurl'd down to Hell, he 'wakes too late.
O'er him the flaming Billows roll :
While all in vain his tortur'd Soul
Craves one small Drop his Tongue to cool.
No Mercy Suff'ers there obtain ;
And all their Groans and Cries are vain ;
For Wrath divine, as sulph'rous Streams,
Forever kindles up the Flames.

4 In vain, the Patriarch said, you make your
Moan ;

The Favour you implore cannot be done.
Besides what now I've spoke, a Gulph lies wide,
Decreed by Heav'n our Regions to divide ;
Of Depth unfathom'd and unmeasur'd Space,
A Bar eternal, o'er which none can pass
There is no Way to come to you from hence ;
And vain's the Wish to come to us from thence
Tormented thou must lie in black Despair
And Peace no more thy hopeless Bosom chear ;
For Hope in Hell is not. Thy Cries then stop :
Earth Show'rs of Mercy gains ; Hell not a Drop.
Now chain'd in Darkness, fruitless are thy Moans :
For Mercy's deaf to all thy Cries and Groans :
To unrelenting Justice now a Prey,
Thy desp'rate State admits of no allay.

REFLECTION.

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R E F L E C T I O N.

Despairing thus the damn'd in Hell
 In everlasting Burnings dwell :
 And from their Tortures without End
 Clouds of infernal Smoak ascend.
 Beware, ye Wicked, this sad Doom ;
 And flee the fiery Wrath to come.
 In Time your num'rous Sins repent :
 Justice will not in Hell relent.

5 The rich Man thus consign'd to black Despair,
 Now for himself no more puts up a Pray'r ;
 But to the Father of the Faithful, said,
 Since for myself it is in vain to plead,
 And since nor Help nor Hope I can obtain,
 But under Wrath eternal must remain,
 Thine Ear for others, I beseech thee, lend,
 And quickly *Laz'rus* from thy Bosom send,
 To warn five Brethren of my Father's House,
 Who me survive, lest they too all should lose
 By Pride and Lux'ry while on Earth they dwell,
 The Heav'n I've lost, and follow me to Hell.
 Send *Laz'rus* from the Dead to testify
 This Place of Torment to them ere they die.
 That they repenting may escape my Doom,
 And to thy Bosom with blest *Laz'rus* come.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus oft among the Rich and Great,
 Those who succeed to their Estate
 The same destructive Paths will tread,
 And run down headlong to the Dead.

Curs'd

Curs'd Heirs of Riches and of Wrath !
Without a Grain of *Abr'ham's* Faith.
Drudges to Lust their Days they spend
Till Sin in their Destruction end.

6 Thy Brethren need not, then good *Abr'ham*
said,

One to instruct them from among the Dead.
The Word of Grace and Truth They now enjoy,
Which tells them, God will Infidels destroy.
The Prophets each of Hell their Witness bear ;
Then let them *Moses* and the Prophets hear.
Nay, Father *Abr'ham*, cries the Wretch in Hell,
If to declare the Torments here I feel,
One from the Dead should to them all be sent,
On such Conviction they would sure repent.
'Tis fond Conceit, the Patriarch replies,
Since *Moses* and the Prophets they despise,
Though from the Dead a Teacher should appear
They would not lend to his Report an Ear.
Those who all Scripture-Warnings treat with Scorn
Nor Messenger from Heav'n or Hell can turn.

REFLECTION.

Let all who slight the Word beware ;
Nor from its Warnings turn their Ear.
Reader, is this thy wretched Case ?
Art thou so void of Wit and Grace ?
Think once of thine eternal State,
And turn before it be too late.
No other Means will God afford :
Hear then, and tremble at his Word.

The End of the FIRST PART.



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The SECOND PART :

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63

Containing a Collection of
Evangelical HYMNS & SONGS,
in Praise of the Redeemer,
and with a View to the
Lord's-Supper.

IMMANUEL. *Heb. ii. 16.*

I Mmanuel [sweet Name indeed !]

The Father's Only Son,
Took on him faithful *Abr'ham's* Seed,
And with th' Elect is one.

Ye Saints, adore your Saviour's Love,
Who pass'd fall'n Angels by ;
And left the glorious Realms above
In Flesh for you to die.

Hail blest Redeemer ! how immense !
Is thus thy sov'reign Grace !
To save fall'n Man at such Expence,
And with such Love embrace.

4 Incarnate

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 Think once of thine eternal State,
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The End of the FIRST PART.



The SECOND PART :

*****/*****

63

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In Flesh for you to die.

3 Hail blest Redeemer ! how immense !
Is thus thy sov'reign Grace !
To save fall'n Man at such Expence,
And with such Love embrace.

4 Incarnate

4 Incarnate God ! we in thy Face
Behold the Godhead reign ;
And in thy Holy Flesh we trace
The Properties of Man.

5 Myfterious Union ! wond'rous Sight !
In our dear Lord we fee ;
Here God and Man in one unite
To all Eternity.

*****}

64

The Preciousness of Christ.

1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 **W**HEN all the Beauties of my Lord
In Faith my Soul surveys,
My Views transporting Joys afford,
And fill my Heart with Praise.

2 His Names like precious Ointment are,
And to surpass are found
All that is Lovely Good and Fair
The whole Creation round.

3 Chosen of God and precious too
To all that know his Love ;
Precious his Blood he shed below
To make our Peace above.

4 His perfect Righteousness and Grace
Enlight'ned Sinners prize ;
And all his Words and Laws embrace
As Holy Good and Wise.

- 5 In Jesus Glories yet untold
By Faith his People view ;
And daily to themselves unfold,
Their Transports to renew.
- 6 Compar'd with Christ there's Nothing good ;
Come, taste and sing his Love ;
His Flesh and Blood are the sweet Food
Of Souls born from above.
- 7 Lord, I am thine ; in Thee alone
I trust and would delight ;
Thy Love to me still more make known
Till Faith is chang'd to Sight.



⁶⁵
The Love of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we sing thy wond'rous Love,
Thy free, thy matchless Grace,
Which brought thee from thy Realms above,
To take our guilty Place.
- 2 No Waters of Distress avail'd
To quench the mighty Flame ;
Thro' all the Floods strong it prevail'd,
And still remains the same.
- 3 No Rage of Men nor Wrath divine,
Impending o'er thy Head,
Could move thee from thy blest Design
Of suffering in our Stead.
- 4 To what can we this Love compare ?
Than Death itself more strong !
Let Heav'n and Earth thy Praise declare ;
And endless be their Song.

Redemption by the Cross.

Eph. v. 2.

1 **A** WAKE, my Soul, and tune thy Voice;
The Love of Jesus be thy Theme;
He bore thy Sorrows on the Cross,
Thy Life from Vengeance to redeem.

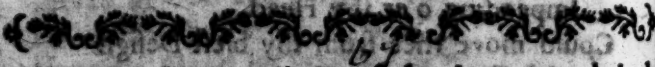
2 Thy Sins the hateful Causes were
Of all the Terrors he endur'd.

Behold him all the Vengeance bear
Thy base Iniquity procur'd.

3 Thy Surety thus supply'd thy Place,
And Thee from Condemnation clear'd;
Smiles now o'erspread the Father's Face
Where endless Terrors once appear'd.

4 Thy Pardon here is full and free;
Satan and Death is now destroy'd;
And all the Fruits of Victory
Are now by Thee to be enjoy'd.

5 The Purchase of Christ's precious Blood
His Intercessions shall convey
In Streams of glorious Grace from God,
Which thro' all Trials makes its Way,


The Redeemer's Resolution to drink
his Cup. John xviii. 11.

1 **T**HUS did the Father's Grace ordain;
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For Man Salvation to obtain
The Son himself should bleed,

1 Laden with all our Loads of Guilt
He on the Cross was nail'd.

And, by the precious Blood he spilt,
O'er all our Sins prevail'd.

3 O'erwhelming Sorrows as a Flood,
Into his Soul was pour'd ;

Yet firm his Resolution stood,
And all the Wrath endur'd.

4 What Words can shew the burning Love,
With which he took the Cup ?

What Tongue can tell the Pains of Hell
He felt to drink it up !

5 The Lamb of God who thus was slain,
Ye Saints, adore and bless ;

By whom abounding Mercies reign
To Life thro' Righteousness.



68
On the Same.

1 **H**OW freely the Redeemer died !

Intrepid Courage ! boundless Love !

Which, tho' with ev'ry Torment tried,

Nor Wrath, nor Death, nor Hell could move.

2 Firm as a Rock the Saviour stood,

Beset with all the Tempter's Pow'r ;

And waded thro' a Sea of Blood,

To gain for us the blessed Shore.

3 He willingly receiv'd the Cup,
Up to the Brim with Vengeance fill'd ;
With sacred Zeal he drank it up,
Without a Drop or left or spill'd,

4 Illustrious Jesus ! all divine
Was this thy Grace and Faithfulness.
How couldst thou thus to Death resign,
Our Curse to bear, our Souls to bless ?

5 Thy Love and Fortitude we sing,
Which now are crown'd at God's Right Hand ;
Waiting till Death our Souls shall bring
Before thy glorious Throne to stand.

69

Christ's Prayer to his Father when
in an Agony in the Garden,
John xii. 27.

1 **T**HE dark and dreadful Hour drew nigh,
When Christ his wrathful Cup must take
In bloody Sweats and Agony ;
Then to his Father thus he spake.

2 My Soul is greatly troubled now,
Oppress'd with Grief. What shall I say ?
Spare Lord : But to thy Will I bow ;
This Debt I freely came to pay.

3 His Suff'rings now our Lord foresaw,
When fill'd with dreadful Fear :
The Curses of a broken Law
He bore to set his People clear.

- 4 Our Guilt this Sting in Death procur'd,
Which to his Foes will fatal prove ;
This Sting the holy Lamb endur'd
For all the Objects of his Love.
- 5 The Saints with holy Triumph sing ;
Let all whom Jesus came to save,
Say, cruel Death, where is thy Sting ?
Sing, where's thy Victory, O Grave ?



70
On the Same.

- 1 **W**HO can conceive the Grief
That rent my Saviour's Breast,
When to his Father for Relief,
He earnest Pray'r address'd !
- 2 My troub'ed Soul he said ;
And what shall I obtain ?
A kind Release ? No, I engag'd
By Justice to be slain.
- 3 Still firmly I resolve
To finish the Design ;
Tho' Sorrows all my Soul involve,
I will not once decline.
- 4 Father, thy Glory shew,
And by me save thine own ;
Let the dread Pains which now I view
For all their Sins atone.
- 5 I have, then answer'd straight
A Voice from Heav'n, my Name

Already glorify'd, and yet
Will glorify again.

6 Thy Constancy and Love

To me, dear Lord, is great ;

Thro' Grace, as constant may I prove

To thee in every State.

*****)

71
MOUNT CALVARY.

Luke xxiii. from the 39th to the
42d Verse.

1 **W**HEN I by Faith *Mount Calvary*
Ascend, and view my dying Lord,
With melting Heart I hear and see
Things beyond Language to record.

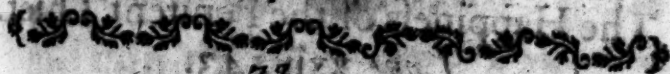
2 I see (O Sight to be bewail'd !)
The Lord of Life to Slaughter brought ;
I see him with Transgressors nail'd,
Revil'd and scorn'd and set at nought.

3 Unparallel'd forgiving Love !
While now by wicked Hands he bleeds,
His Bowels for his Murd'ers move ;
He prays and for his Murd'ers pleads.

4 The Ingrates still with Tongues like Swords,
Revile him, and their Malice wreak ;
Like poison'd Arrows fly their Words,
And Wounds on Wounds unsparing make.

5 But in the midst of Rage and Scorns
A bleeding Convert's Voice I hear;
In his last Hour to Christ he turns,
And breathes his Soul out in a Prayer.

6 The Saviour heard, and soon bestow'd
The Grace for which he cried;
Grace that declar'd the dying God,
Who for his People died.



The dying Thief converted and
accepted. *Luke xxiii. 42.*

1 **A** MIDST the Wonders of the Cross
A dying Convert see;
The Saviour's Gain, and Satan's Loss;
Grace gains the Victory.

2 The dying Thief owns his just Doom,
And thus prays on the Tree,
When thou shalt to thy Kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

3 With yearning Bowels Jesus hears
This Sinner's doleful Cry;
And Love unequal'd to him bears
This wonderful Reply

4 Thou verily shalt be this Day
With me in Paradise.

Ah, who but God such Words could say
In dying Agony.

5 Let Sinners then no more despair;
Like Grace he'll still afford:

Let

Let the blest Objects of his Care
His Grace with Joy record.

6 Sing Hallelujahs to his Name,
Who did this Grace extend;
His tender Heart remains the same;
His Merit knows no end.

⁷²
The Happiness of the Penitent Thief.
Luke xxiii. 43.

HEAR from the Cross the Saviour say,
The Thief's sad Bodings to remove,
Thy precious Soul and mine to day
Shall join in Realms of Light above.

2 Now Jesus shines at God's Right-Hand,
With this bright Monument of Grace;
And nothing shall those Souls withstand
Who with Repentance seek his Face.

3 Happy the Men that to him fly,
And truly in his Name believe;
Their Saviour, when they come to die,
Shall to himself their Souls receive.

4 With Christ in Paradise they live,
Celestial Glories them adorn;
Assur'd their Bodies shall revive,
They wait the Resurrection Morn.

5 Their Bodies glorify'd shall then
Shine and rejoice each holy Heart;
And all for ever shall remain
With their Redeemer, ne'er to part.

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74

The Passion. From *Mat. xxvii. 30, 50.*

- 1 **S**EE here the Lord nail'd on the Tree,
And crush'd with Guilt and Shame;
Thro' Faith, the suffering Jesus see,
And praise his glorious Name.
- 2 The *Waters* fill his righteous Soul,
While Storms with Vengeance rise,
While wrathful Billows o'er him roll,
And Darkness veils the Skies.
- 3 All human and all hellish Rage
He patiently sustain'd;
When dying on the bloody Stage
Not once the Lamb complain'd.
- 4 But when his Father's Face was hid,
Then from the bloody Tree,
O why my God, my God, he cry'd,
Hast thou forsaken me.
- 5 When Death struck the dividing Pang,
Aloud again he cried;
'Tis finish'd, said the Son of Man,
And bow'd his Head and died.
- 6 Ye contrite Sinners, now revive;
Your Sins were on him laid;
Jesus once dead is now alive,
And lives your glorious Head.



75

On the Same.

- 1 **B**Ehold the bleeding Lamb
Nail'd to the cursed Tree;

He

He yields himself a Sacrifice,
To set his People free.

2 Reproach and Shame he bore,
While Hell with Earth combin'd
His righteous Soul to persecute
With Griefs of ev'ry kind.

3 To heighten this sad Scene
Thick Darkness veil'd the Skies;
Deserted then the Saviour mourns
And loudly thus he cries.

4 My God, my God, O why?
Hast thou forsaken me?
Why leav'st thou me to sink and drown
In Depths of Mis'ry?

5 The Conflict held a while,
And straight again he cry'd
'Tis finish'd: Then he bow'd his Head,
He bow'd his Head and dy'd.

6 Awake, ye Saints, and sing;
Your Surety thus o'ercame;
He lives for you at God's Right-Hand:
Rejoice and bless his Name.

The Mystery of the Cross: Or the
Righteousness of God displayed
in the Death of the Innocent Re-
deemer.

WHAT an affecting Sight is This!
Here on the Cross I see

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Hymns and Songs.

+ 83

Him die who never did amiss,
But from all Sin was free.

2 Can Justice in the World be found
For cutting off the Just?

With Goodness can it once be nam'd,
That die the Guiltless must?

3 Learn thou this Mystery of Grace:
Justice our Blood requir'd;

The Lamb of God assum'd our Place,
And for our Sins expir'd.

4 To Christ no Injury can accrue,
Since freely he comply'd;

And well he knew the Judgment due
To Sin for which he died.

5 Lord, I adore thy matchless Love,
And own my vile Desert;

Which Thee to all thy Sins rings drove,
And pierc'd thy tender Heart.

6 Awake, O heav'nly Wind and blow,
My drooping Spirit raise,

Then Faith and Hope and Love will flow
In my Redeemer's Praise.

27
The Saints Joy in the Saviour's Re-
surrection. *Mat. xxviii. 7, 8.*

He is risen indeed.

1 **W**HEN I the lonely Tomb survey.

Where once Christ's Body was secur'd,

I see

- 1 See fulfill'd what Prophets say,
And on my Foes Destruction pour'd.
- 2 This empty Tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the Bands of conquer'd Death!
Sweet Pledge, that all who trust his Name
Shall rise and draw immortal Breath.
- 3 Our Surety freed, so we are free,
For whose Offences he was seiz'd
In his Release our own we see,
And joy to view Jehovah pleas'd.
- 4 Our Saviour now hath left the Dead,
And lives and reigns, to die no more,
But lives in Heav'n for Those to plead
For whom the Pains of Death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Head, my Soul, behold,
And see the glorious Crown he wears;
The like too, with a Harp of Gold,
Shall Thee adorn when he appears.
- 6 Dear Lord, impatiently I long
To see the Hour when thou shalt come;
Then shall I join the endless Song
Of the Redeem'd by thee brought Home.

Christ's Death⁷⁸ and Resurrection
Proof of his being the Messiah
according to the Scriptures. *Act*

xvii. 3, 4.

1 **H**OW rich the Grace that shone
When our first Parents fell!

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When God the coming of his Son
In Promise did foretel.

2 God by Degrees display'd
This Mystery of Love,
That from Eternity had laid,
Seal'd in the Courts above.

3 The Light from Heav'n stream'd
Into those holy Men ;
Who, when the Lord should die, proclaim'd
That he would rise again.

4 Christ's Resurrection proves
What all his Word declares,
And ev'ry one that trusts and loves
May say, that Christ is theirs.

5 Lord, open our blind Eyes,
To see and love thy Word,
Where thou display'st his Sacrifice,
With endless Blessings stor'd.



⁷⁹
Christ's Resurrection the Believer's
Justification. *Rom. iv. 25.*

1 **Y**E Saints with Joy your Thoughts employ,
On Christ your risen Head,
Whom Justice seiz'd, whom God appeas'd
By suff'ring in your Stead.

2 On him was laid, and by him paid,
All your Iniquities,
No Guilt remain'd, he all sustain'd
When made a Sacrifice.

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3 In

- 3 In Prison cast, he was held fast,
Till God did him remove ;
Christ burst the Bands, now lives and stands
In glorious State above.
- 4 Thus rais'd again, his Death 'tis plain
Full Satisfaction gave ;
And Christ's Release proclaims a Peace
For those he came to save.
- 5 O Saints, rejoice with shouting Voice ;
No Charge on you can lie ;
Your Surety died, is justified,
And you shall never die.



80

The exalted Saviour.

Heb. ii. 9. Rev. iv. 10. Chap. v.
From the 9th Verse to the End ;
also Chap. xix. 13.

- 1 **E**Mmanuel to Heav'n is gone,
And sits at God's Right-Hand ;
Before him, round the glorious Throne,
Thousands of Thousands stand.
- 2 A regal Crown of Glory shines
On his immortal Head ;
That sacred Head which for our Sins,
Was crown'd with Thorns and bled.
- 3 A Vesture dipt in Blood he wears ;
Illustrious is the Stain !

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All glorious now our King appears,
And shall for ever reign.

4 With Worship all his Angels own
His Majesty and Grace ;
And all the Elders now cast down
Their Crowns before his Face.

5 The heav'nly Hosts surround th' Abode
Of this exalted King ;
And Songs of Praise to him their God
With chearful Voices sing.

6 Glory to Thee, is all their Song,
Who for thy Saints wert slain ;
Wisdom and Pow'r to Thee belong,
And endless Praise, Amen.



⁸¹
Christ the exalted High-Priest and
Intercessor of his People. *Zech.*
vi. 13. Heb. iv. 14, 15. Chap.
ix. 12, 24. Chap. x. 12, 14.
I John ii. 1. Rev. i. 13.

1 JESUS the Father's only Son,
Our great High-Priest in Heav'n,
That for our Sins he might atone,
A Sacrifice was giv'n.

2 His precious Blood, by Justice spilt,
Hath for our Sins aton'd :
And having purg'd away our Guilt,
He's now in Heav'n enthron'd :

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3 Now

- 3 Now enter'd the true Holy Place,
With his own Blood to plead ;
And stands before the Father's Face
In all his People's Stead.
- 4 A Robe down to the Foot he wears ;
And on his sacred Breast
A Girdle wrought in Gold appears,
Adorning our High-Priest.
- 5 On his rich Breast Plate are engrav'd
(Which None shall e'er remove)
The Names of those his Grace has sav'd ;
Blest Objects of his Love !
- 6 The Sorrows They to him make known
With tender Heart he hears ;
And then before the Father's Throne
Presents their fervent Pray'rs.
- 7 'Gainst all the Accusations laid
By their malicious Foe,
He pleads the precious Blood he shed,
And thus wards off the Blow.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
For all who to him flee ;
And they in all their Pardons read
The Blood of Deity.



Christian Liberty,⁸² or the Believer
espoused to a risen Saviour.

Rom. vii. 4, 6.

1 **S**PRUNG up from *Adam's* guilty Seed,
A sinful wretched Race, With

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With Hell beneath, and Wrath o'er-Head ;
A dreadful helpless Case ;

2 Fast in the Curses, Wrath and Death,
A broken Law demands ;

Which breathes for us no other Breath
Than Curses and Commands.

3 In this said Plight, see, Mercy shines !
God hath a Ransom found :

His Son, his Son hath for our Sins
With his own Blood aton'd.

4 His Son, who on the cursed Tree
For all our Sins was slain,

That from the Law we might be free,
For ever free remain.

5 Married to him, to him we live,
His Purchase and his Spouse ;

From him all Blessings we receive,
And to him pay our Vows.

6 Blest Union ! Glorious Liberty !
What higher sweeter Wish ?

To be from Death and Hell set free,
To reign in endless Bliss.

7 In him we serve the Law of Love,
In Fruits of Holiness ;

Our Hearts the Law of God approve
As Truth and Righteousness.

8 O precious Jesus, how divine
Are all thy Acts of Grace !

How strange, thy Heart shall e'er incline
Such Rebels to embrace !

Christ's Remembrance of his People in his State of Exaltation.

Luke xxiii. 42. Heb. ix. 12.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my Soul, and sing
A joyful Song of Praise ;
To Jesus, thy exalted King,
A thankful Tribute raise.
- 2 See him once crown'd with Thorns,
And on the Cross expire ;
But Glory now his Head adorns,
While heav'nly Hosts admire.
- 3 Enthron'd at God's Right-Hand,
He, who on Earth o'ercame,
An Advocate with God now stands
For All who love his Name.
- 4 He ever lives, and bears
Their Names upon his Breast ;
And heav'nly Mansions he prepares
For their eternal Rest.
- 5 He will their Souls in Flight
In Arms of Love receive,
And to their Bodies re-unite ;
And all his Dead shall live.
- 6 When He appears, his Foes
To Torments shall be frown'd ;
But Saints in Thrones, which he bestows,
Shall like their King be crown'd.

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84

Christ's Sacrifice of himself for us
an Argument against Sin.

1 *Pet.* iii. 16, 18.

1 **B**EHOLD, ye Saints, the spotless Lamb,
Whom God of old ordain'd ;
See Christ our Passover here slain,
Who all our Sins sustain'd.

2 Jehovah's well-beloved Son
A Surety for us stood ;
Nothing our Souls could save from Wrath
But his own precious Blood.

(3 The cursed Sins which cost so dear
We now renounce and hate,
Adoring God, who, us to clear,
Would nothing Christ abate.)

4 Amazing Grace, and matchless Love !
The righteous Father gave
His own dear Son a Sacrifice,
Rebellious Man to save.

5 Purge us, O God, from all our Sins,
And leave us not a Prey
To filthy, cruel, shameful Lusts,
Which did our Saviour slay.

6 With Hearts rejoicing and sincere
Our grateful Songs we raise
To him who wash'd us in his Blood,
And triumph in his Praise.

Praise

Praise for Pardoning Mercy.

- 1 **I**mmortal Praises to the Name
Of our forgiving God,
Whose Word and Oath aloud proclaim
Remission in Christ's Blood.
- 2 Thy boundless Grace, O Lord, we plead,
And all our Sins confess;
Thy Grace with Justice is agreed,
And reigns thro' Righteousness.
- 3 The Blood of Christ, thy Word sets forth,
Hath purchas'd all this Grace:
Great is our Guilt, greater his Worth,
And endless is thy Praise.
- 4 Thy Name is magnify'd above;
And in thy Courts below
We sing thy rich and sov'reign Love,
Whence all our Pardons flow.
- 5 Let laden Sinners here descry
The Goodness of the Lord,
Who hears the mourning Sinner's Cry,
And will all Help afford.
- 6 Let All who know the joyful Sound
With chearful Voices sing;
And to that Grace which knows no Bound
A grateful Tribute bring.

~~~~~!~~~~~  
 The Blessedness of Those to whom  
 God will not impute Sin. *Rom.*  
 iv. 8. *Psal.* xxxii. 1.

**H**OW richly blest are those,  
 Whose Sin shall not appear!

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The happy Persons God hath chose  
From Guilt their Souls to clear !

2 Nor Curse nor Wrath remain  
Where God no Fault will see :  
No Accusation can detain  
The Sinner he sets free.

3 In vain shall Satan draw  
His cursed envious Bow ;  
No Charges from a broken Law  
Can God's Elect o'erthrow.

4 The Blood of Christ in Heav'n,  
God's chosen ones to save,  
Hath all the Satisfaction giv'n,  
Justice itself would have.

5 To God's own Will alone,  
A thankful Song we raise,  
Who chose and blest us in his Son,  
To shew forth all his Praise.



87

The Enmity of elect Sinners to God,  
an Illustration of his Love in  
sending his Son to die for them.  
*Rom. v. 8.*

1 **F**ATHER, we sing thy wond'rous Love  
To us a sinful Race,  
Redeem'd with Christ's most precious Blood,  
The Fruit of Sov'reign Grace.

2 *Rebellious*



2 **R**ebellious in our Hearts and Lives,  
When Thou thy Son didst send ;  
How doth our Enmity to Thee  
Thy Love to us commend !

3 'Twas free and boundless Love indeed,  
Ah, Love beyond compare !  
Love which gave up thine only Son,  
Such Enemies to spare.

4 Ye mourning Sinners, hope in God ;  
Christ died for such as you :  
Ye Saints, still celebrate the Lord  
With Praise for ever due.



88

## The Spiritual Mourner's Comfort.

*Mat. v. 4.*

1 **B**LEST are the contrite Souls that mourn,  
Who weep and sigh and fear ;  
Their Sorrow soon to Joy shall turn  
That dries up ev'ry Tear.

2 Jehovah, the eternal Son,  
A Sacrifice became ;  
He did for all our Sins atone  
By bearing all our Shame.

3 When Satan rages, we endure,  
Thro' Christ's almighty Arm ;  
He is exalted to secure  
Our Souls from real Harm.

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4 With Life's short Period end our Woes ;  
Then all our Troubles cease ;  
Our weary Souls shall then repose  
In everlasting Peace.

5 Serenity and Pleasure reign  
Among the Saints above :  
Nor Sin nor Satan can again  
Their Happiness remove.

\*\*\*\*\*

<sup>89</sup>  
Salvation alone thro' the Blood of  
Christ. *Acts* iv. 11.

1 COME, sing aloud the Saviour's Praise,  
His bloody Cross be all your Theme ;  
His Death to us his Love displays,  
Whose Souls from Death he did redeem.

2 He is the everlasting Stone,  
Which God hath chosen and reveal'd ;  
The Saviour, and the only One  
Whose Name on Earth from Heav'n is seal'd.

3 Salvation ! O how sweet the Sound !  
The joyful Tidings we embrace :  
Jesus, thy Name alone is found  
To comprehend this wond'rous Grace.

4 While others make a foolish Choice.  
And thy most precious Blood despise,  
In thy Salvation we rejoice.  
Depending on thy Sacrifice.

- 5 O Death, where is thy cruel Sting ?  
Christ hath obtain'd the Victory ;  
O Saints on Earth, unite and sing  
With Saints who dwell with Christ on high.
- 6 Adore the Lamb who once was slain  
To ransom us from Sin to God :  
In sacred Zeal behold him slain  
His Vesture with the Serpent's Blood.

\*\*\*\*\*

90

Sanctifying Grace a necessary Evi-  
dence of an Interest in Christ ; or  
Praise to the Redeemer for his  
spiritual Washing. *John xiii. 8.*

- 1 **L**ET all who in Christ's Passion share,  
Whence Pardon and Salvation spring,  
The sweetest Songs of Grace prepare  
To him their God, to him their King.
- 2 He dy'd to wash us from our Guilt :  
Our filthy Souls he purify'd :  
His precious Blood for us he spilt,  
And to our Hearts this Blood apply'd.
- 3 Rich Grace for Those God freely lov'd !  
No Righteousness we had to boast ;  
Vile as the Vilest still we prov'd  
Till quick'ned by the Holy Ghost.
- 4 A crimson Hue our Souls o'rspread ;  
While dead in Sins condemn'd we lay ;

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On us the heav'nly Dew was shed  
To wash our Spots and Filth away.

5 Now cleans'd, and now in Christ compleat,  
In Righteousness, not ours, we shine;  
And at the Marriage Feast shall sit,  
Array'd in Linen white and fine.



91

The Blood of Christ a Real and the  
Only Price of a Sinner's Redemp-  
tion. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

1 **Y**E Saints, behold the spotless Lamb  
Stretch'd on the cursed Tree;  
From Heav'n to suffer Death he came,  
From Death our Souls to free.

2 No earthly Treasures could redeem  
Our guilty Souls from Hell;  
This Lamb of infinite Esteem  
For our Transgressions fell.

3 To merit a Discharge from Sin  
All our best Works are vain;  
Only the Blood of Christ can win  
Eternal Peace for Man.

4 O lovely Jesus! how divine,  
How bounteous this thy Grace!  
How won'drous all this Love of thine  
To us a sinful Race!

5 Thine, Lord, we are, no more our own,  
Redeem'd from Satan's Hands;

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Thy



Thy Love, thro' thine own Blood made known,  
Our Hearts and Lives demands.

6 The Price of Blood, sacred to Thee,  
Our Souls we purify ;  
By Grace from Condemnation free,  
Our Lusts we will deny.



92  
On the Same.

1 **N**O earthly Gift, or Sacrifice  
Redemption could obtain ;  
Treasures of Gold, or Seas of Blood  
The Sinner yields in vain.

2 Lo Jesus comes ! a spotless Lamb ;  
His precious Blood alone  
For Sacrifice could have a Name,  
And for our Sins atone.

3 How precious is thy Holy Blood,  
By which we are redeem'd !  
With this compar'd ten thousand Worlds  
Are not to be esteem'd.

4 A rich Perfume his Merits rise  
Before the Throne above,  
And from the Mercy Seat bring down  
Salvation, Peace and Love.

5 Who can the Saviour's Love conceive,  
Who from his Throne on high  
Came down the Cup of Wrath to drink,  
And for our Sins to die ?

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Hast died and rose again,  
We would, Lord, only live to Thee;  
And only Thine remain.

\*\*\*\*\*

<sup>93</sup>  
The Condescension and Excellency  
of Christ in his Obedience and  
Sufferings. *Heb. v. 8.*

1 **B**EHOLD the condescending Grace  
Of the eternal Word ;  
The Glory of his Father's Face ;  
In Heav'n and Earth ador'd.

2 Equal with God, he Flesh was made,  
And on the Cross was slain ;  
His precious Blood was spilt, and paid  
The Ransom Price of Man.

3 Never in Legal Times the Priests  
By Suff'ring did obey ;  
In off'ring Gifts and Blood of Beasts  
Their whole Obedience lay.

4 But when th' eternal Son was try'd,  
The Promise to fulfil,  
He bore our Griefs, he bled, he dy'd,  
And did the Father's Will.

5 Lo, how he sloop'd ! O matchless Love !  
Dear Jesus, to thy Praise  
Let Saints below, let Saints above,  
Loud Hallelujahs raise.

FREE GRACE. *Eph. i. 8.*

1 **Y**E saved ones of human Race,  
 Reflect with holy Joy,  
 On God's Free Love ; and let the Grace  
 Your Hearts and Tongues employ.

2 The Father's Grace made early Choice,  
 And gave you to his Son ;  
 Exalted be your grateful Voice  
 To Grace and Grace alone.

3 Acquitted freely by his Grace  
 - From ev'ry Legal Charge,  
 Your Surety, suffering in your Place,  
 Did all your Debts discharge.

4 No Works of Righteousness you've done,  
 Hath rais'd you from the Dead :  
 Thro' Grace the Holy Ghost came down  
 And on your Souls was shed.

5 Grace doth the Crown of Glory bring ;  
 Glory to Grace is due ;  
 O ye Redeem'd, then shout and sing  
 Rich Grace bellow'd on you.

6 On his own House our gracious King  
 Will grace the Head-Stone Place ;  
 And all the heav'nly Hosts shall sing  
 Grace to this Stone ; Free Grace.



Jesus unchangeable. *Heb. xiii. 8.*

1 **F**ROM joyful Hearts our Lips proclaim  
 The Glories we in Christ behold ;

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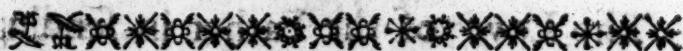
He was, is, will be, still the same,  
When all Eternity is told.

2 The whole Creation shall decay ;  
Jesus the same for ever lives :

The Heav'ns and Earth shall pass away ;  
But Christ eternally survives.

3 Jehovah's Son with boundless Love,  
And matchless Pow'r shall still prevail ;  
His Grace sufficient still shall prove ;  
Still shall his Blood 'gainst Sin avail.

4 These all immutable, divine,  
Let Saints exalt, and to him raise  
A Trophy which shall ne'er decline,  
With everlasting Songs of Praise.



96

The Believer freed from, and dead  
to the Law as a Covenant of  
Works, by the Body of Christ,  
*Rom. vii. 4, 6.*

1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye Heirs of Faith,  
Of *Abr'ham's* chosen Seed,  
The Law that sentenc'd you to death  
Is now thro' Jesus dead.

2 Our Surety by his Cross has broke  
The Law's condemning Pow'r ;  
For on himself our Sins he took,  
And the Hand-Writing tore.



3 He bore our Sins and set us free ;  
 No Charge on us can lie ;  
 His Blood's an all-sufficient Plea  
 Our Souls to justify.

4 By legal Works no more we strive  
 To be discharg'd from Guilt ;  
 Dead to the Law, to Christ we live,  
 Whose Blood for us was spilt.

5 Adore the Father's sov'reign Love,  
 Who gave his only Son,  
 Our Curse and Mis'ry to remove,  
 And make his Mercy known,

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97

The Love of the Father in sending  
 his Son to be the Propitiation for  
 Sin, an Argument for the mutual  
 Affection of Believers. I *Joh. iv. 11.*

1 **H**EREIN is Love beyond compare,  
 Of God the Father shewn  
 Amazing Love that would not spare  
 But slay his only Son.

2 He gave him for a Sacrifice,  
 An Off'ring in our Stead ;  
 Yea, while we were his Enemies,  
 Th' attoning Blood was shed.

3 With joyful Hearts by Heav'n constrain'd,  
 In Fellowship we join ;

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And burning with a Love unfeign'd  
Adore this Grace divine.

4 O boundless Love, his Son to send,  
For us to bleed and die !

This Love we ne'er shall comprehend  
To all Eternity.

5 As Objects of this special Love  
Chose out from human Race,  
Our mutual Love shall fully prove,  
We share his wond'rous Grace.



<sup>98</sup>  
The Christian LOVE-FEAST :

OR,

The LORD'S-TABLE.

I Cor. x. 21. Chap. xi. 21, &c.

1 **H**OW gen'rous is *Immanuel's* Feast,  
Prepar'd by Love divine !

How happy each believing Guest,  
To taste the Bread and Wine !

2 We see on this blest Table laid  
The Lamb that once was slain ;

His Blood's the Wine, his Flesh the Bread,  
Broken and shed for Man.

3 Here Jesus gives his Saints a Treat  
Of choicest heav'nly Food ;

And says, my Body take and eat,  
And drink my precious Blood.

4 My

4 My Body broken in your stead,  
For your Repast I give ;  
And, for your Drink, the Blood I shed :  
Drink of it *each*, and live.

5 Come eat and drink abundantly ;  
Be chearful and be free  
He that believes shall never die  
But ever live with me.

6 Thus entertain'd, his Saints rejoice,  
From Condemnation freed,  
And join to sing with chearful Voice ;  
*'Tis Meat and drink indeed.*

\*\*\*\*\*)

<sup>99</sup>  
The Communicant's Comfort : or,  
Jesus Christ made known in the  
breaking of Bread.

*John* xx. 20.

1 **W**HEN at the Table of their Lord,  
The Sons of Zion join,  
His Love display'd their Souls afford  
More Chearfulness than Wine.

2 The Brightness of their Father's Face  
In Jesus they descry ;  
And their own Nature's Image trace  
In his Humanity.

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3 In Figures to their Faith appear  
His wounded Hands and Side,  
Pierc'd with rude Nails and sharpen'd Spear,  
When he was crucified.

4 The Bands of Death he brake, and prov'd  
He Satisfaction gave ;  
He lives to bless the Souls he lov'd,  
And shed his Blood to save.

5 Your mighty Saviour, Saints, review ;  
With Gladness shout his Praise ;  
And let your Lives his Virtue shew  
Thro' all your future Days.

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100  
Rejoicing in Deliverance from Con-  
demnation thro' the Blood of  
Christ. *Rom. viii. 1.*

1 **W**HILE Sinners fancy'd Freedom see,  
Fast held in Bonds of Guilt ;  
We joy in Christ who made us free  
By Blood which he hath Spilt.

2 His righteous Soul our Guilt sustain'd  
And Sin for us was made :  
Nor Guilt nor Wrath for us remain'd,  
But all on him was laid.

3 He bore the Curse, and dy'd and rose  
His Saints to justify ;  
And lives in Heav'n to plead for Those,  
For whom he came to die.

4 Who



4 Who shall a Charge against us lay ?

Christ is the Judge of All ;

His Death hath purg'd our Sins away ;

No Wrath on us can fall.

5 In Christ from Condemnation free

To Fear we'll not give Place ;

But Joy in this our Liberty

Ang sing of sov'reign Grace.

## F I N I S.



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# DIVINE HYMNS

*Composed on the Subjects of Dr.  
WATT'S Forty-four Ser-  
mons.*

<sup>101</sup>  
The inward Witness to Christianity.

1 **W**itness, ye Saints, that Christ is true ;  
Tell how his Name imparts  
The Life of Grace and Glory too ;  
Ye have it in your Hearts.

2 The heavenly Building is begun  
When ye receive the Lord ;  
His Hands shall lay the crowning Stone,  
And well perform his Word.

3 Your Souls are form'd by Wisdom's Rules,  
Your Joys and Graces shine ;  
You need no Learning of the Schools,  
To prove your Faith Divine.

4 Let Heathen scoff, and Jews oppose,  
Let Satan's Bolts be hurl'd ;  
There's something wrought within you shows  
That Jesus saves the World.

Flesh

Flesh and Spirit ; or, The Principles  
of Sin and Holiness.

1 **W**HAT vain Desires, and Passions vain,  
Attend this mortal Clay !

Oft have they pierc'd my Soul with Pain,  
And drawn my Heart astray.

2 How have I wander'd from my God,  
And following Sin and Shame,

In this vile World of Flesh and Blood,  
Defil'd my nobler Frame !

3 For ever blessed be thy Grace

That form'd my Spirit new,  
And made it of an Heaven-born Race,  
Thy Glory to pursue.

4 My Spirit holds perpetual War,

And wrestles and complains,  
And views the happy Moment near,  
That shall dissolve its Chains.

5 Cheerful in Death I close my Eyes,  
To part with every Lust ;

And charge my Flesh when e'er it rise,  
To leave them in the Dust.

6 How would my purer Spirit fear

To put this Body on,  
If its old tempting Powers were there,  
Nor Lusts, nor Passions gone !

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The Soul drawing near to GOD in  
Prayer.

1 **M**Y God, I bow before thy Feet,  
When shall my Soul get near thy Seat ?  
When shall I see thy glorious Face,  
With mingled Majesty and Grace ?

2 How should I love thee, and adore,  
With Hopes and Joys unknown before !  
And bid this trifling World be gone,  
Nor tease my Heart so near thy Throne ?

3 Creatures with all their Charms should fly  
The Presence of a God so nigh :  
My darling Sins should lose their Name,  
And grow my Hatred, and my Shame.

4 My Soul shall pour out all her Cares,  
In flowing Words or flowing Tears ;  
Thy Smiles would ease my sharpest Pain,  
Nor should I seek my God in vain.



Sins and Sorrows spread before God.

1 **O** That I knew the secret Place,  
Where I might find my God,  
I'd spread my Wants before his Face,  
And pour my Woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my Sins arise,  
What Sorrows I sustain ;  
How Grace decays, and Comfort dies,  
And leaves my Heart in Pain.



3 I'd say, "How Flesh and Sense rebel !  
 " What inward Foes Combine  
 " With the vain World and Powers of Hell !  
 " To vex this Soul of mine !"

4 He knows what Arguments I'd take  
 To wrestle with my God ;  
 I'd plead for his own Mercy's Sake,  
 And for my Saviour's Blood.

5 My God will pity my Complaints,  
 And heal by broken Bones :  
 He takes the Meaning of his Saints,  
 The Language of their Groans.

6 Arise, my Soul, from deep Distress,  
 And banish every Fear ;  
 He calls thee to his Throne of Grace,  
 To spread thy Sorrows there.



105  
 A Hopeful Youth falling short of  
 Heaven.

1 **T**HUS far 'tis well : You read, you pray,  
 You hear God's Holy Word,  
 You hearken what your Parents say,  
 And learn to serve the Lord.

2 Your Friends are pleas'd to see your Ways,  
 Your Practice they approve ;  
 Jesus himself would give you Praise,  
 And look with Eyes of Love.

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- 3 But if you quit the Paths of Truth,  
To follow foolish Fires,  
And give a Loose to giddy Youth,  
With all its wild Desires :
- 4 If you will let your Saviour go,  
To hold your Riches fast ;  
Or hunt for empty Joys below,  
You'll loose your Heaven at last.
- 5 The Rich Young Man whom Jesus lov'd  
Should warn you to forbear :  
His Love of earthly Treasures prov'd  
A fatal Golden Snare.
- 6 See, Gracious God, Dear Saviour, See,  
How Youth is prone to fall :  
Teach 'em to part with all for Thee,  
And love thee more than all.



106

### The Hidden Life of a Christian.

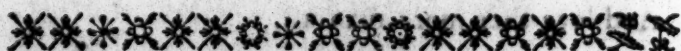
- 1 **O** Happy Soul, that lives on high,  
While Men lie grovelling here !  
His Hopes are fix'd above the Sky,  
And Faith forbids his Fear.
- 2 His Conscience knows no secret Stings,  
While Grace and Joy combine  
To form a Life, whose holy Springs  
Are hidden and Divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;  
His God in secret sees :

Let Earth be all in Arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly Peace.

4 His Pleasures rise from Things unseen,  
Beyond this World and Time,  
Where neither Eyes nor Ears have been,  
Nor Thoughts of Mortals climb.

5 He wants no Pomp, nor Royal Throne  
To raise his Figure here ;  
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,  
Till Christ his Life appear.

6 He looks to Heaven's Eternal Hills,  
To meet that glorious Day ;  
Dear Lord, how slow thy Chariot Wheels !  
How long is thy Delay !



<sup>107</sup>  
Nearness to God the Felicity of  
Creatures.

1 **A**RE those the happy Persons here,  
Who dwell the nearest to their God ?  
Has God invited Sinners near ?  
And Jesus bought this Grace with Blood ?

2 Go then, my Soul, address the Son,  
To lead thee near the Father's Face ;  
Gaze on his Glories yet unknown,  
And taste the Blessings of his Grace.

3 Vain vexing World, and Flesh, and Sense,  
Retire while I approach my God ;

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Nor let my Sins divide me thence,  
Nor Creatures tempt my Thoughts abroad.

4 While to thine Arms, my God, I press,  
No mortal Hope, nor Joy, nor Fear,  
Shall call my Soul from thine Embrace ;  
'Tis Heaven to dwell for ever there.

\*\*\*\*\*!\*\*\*\*\*

<sup>108</sup>  
The Scale of Blessedness ; or, Blef-  
fed Saints, Blessed Saviour, and  
Blessed Trinity.

1 **A** Scend, my Soul, by just Degrees  
Let Contemplation rove  
O'er all the rising Ranks of Bliss,  
Here, and in Worlds above.

2 Blefs'd is the Nation near to God,  
Where he makes known his Ways :  
Blefs'd are the Men whose Feet have trod  
His lower Courts of Grace.

3 Blefs'd were the Levite and the Priest,  
Who near his Altar stood ;  
Blefs'd are the Saints from Sin releas'd,  
And reconcil'd with Blood.

4 Blefs'd are the Souls dismiss from Clay,  
Before his Face they stand :  
Blefs'd Angels in their bright Array,  
Attend his great Command.

5 Jesus is more divinely blest,  
Where Man to Godhead join'd



Hath Joys transcending all the rest,  
More noble and refin'd.

6 But, O what Words or Thoughts can trace  
The blessed Three in One!

Here rest my Spirit, and confess  
The Infinite unknown.

\*\*\*\*\*

109  
Appearance before God here and  
hereafter.

1 **W**HILE I am banish'd from thy House,  
I mourn in secret, Lord :

“ When shall I come, and pay my Vows,  
“ And hear thy holy Word ?”

2 So while I dwell in Bonds of Clay,  
Methinks my Soul should groan,

“ When shall I wing my heavenly Way,  
“ And stand before thy Throne ?”

3 I love to see my Lord below,  
His Church displays his Grace ;  
But upper Worlds his Glory know,  
And view him Face to Face.

4 I love to worship at his Feet,  
Tho' Sin attack me there ;  
But Saints exalted near his Seat  
Have no Assaults to fear.

5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his Court,  
And taste his heavenly Love ;  
But still I think his Visits short,  
Or I too soon remove.

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6 He shines, and I am all Delight ;  
 He hides, and all is Pain :  
 When will he fix me in his Sight,  
 And ne'er depart again ?

~~~~~  
 A rational Defence of the Gospel.

1 **S**HALL Atheists dare insult the Cross
 Of our Redeemer God ?

Shall Infidels reproach his Laws,
 Or tramp'e on his Blood ?

2 What if he choose mysterious Ways,
 To cleanse us from our Faults ?

May not the Works of Sovereign Grace,
 Transcend our feeble Thoughts.

3 What if his Gospel bids us fight
 With Flesh, and Self, and Sin ?

The Prize is most divinely bright,
 Which we are call'd to win.

4 What if the Foolish and the Poor,
 His glorious Grace partake ?

This but confirms his Truth the more,
 For so the Prophets spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred Name,
 Indulge their Souls in Sin ?

Jesus should never bear the Blame,
 His Laws are pure and clean

6 Then let our Faith grow firm and strong,
 Our Lips profess his Word ;

Nor blush nor fear to walk among
 The Men that love the Lord.

The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation.

1 **W**HAT shall the dying Sinner do,
That seeks Relief for all his Woe ?
Where shall the guilty Conscience find
Ease for the Torment of the Mind ?

2 How shall we get our Crimes forgiven,
Or form our Natures fit for Heaven ?
Can Souls, all o'er defil'd with Sin,
Make their own Powers and Passions clean ?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his Gospel nigh :
'Tis there such Power and Glory dwell,
As saves rebellious Souls from Hell.

4 This is the Pillar of our Hope,
That bears our fainting Spirits up :
We read the Grace, we trust the Word,
And find Salvation in the Lord.

5 Let Men or Angels dig the Mines,
Where Nature's Golden Treasure shines ;
Brought near the Doctrine of the Cross,
All Nature's Gold appears but Dross.

6 Should vile Blasphemers with Disdain
Pronounce the Truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the Scandal and the Shame,
And sing and triumph in his Name.

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112
Faith the Way to Salvation.

1 **N**OT by the Laws of Innocence
Can Adam's Sons arrive at Heaven :
New Works can give us no Pretence,
To have our ancient Sins forgiven.

2 Not the best Deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded Conscience whole :
Faith is the Grace and Faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the Soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly Word,
Fain would I have my Soul renew'd :
I mourn for Sin, and trust the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy Grace its Power display,
Let Guilt and Death no longer reign :
Save me in thine appointed Way,
Nor let my humble Faith be vain.

113
None excluded from Hope.

1 **J**ESUS, thy Blessings are not few,
Nor is thy Gospel weak :
Thy Grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the Reach of Satan's Rage,
Doth thy Salvation flow :
'Tis not confin'd to Sex or Age,
The Lofly or the Low.

While

3 While Grace is offer'd to the Prince,
The Poor may take their Share :
No Mortal has a just Pretence,
To perish in Despair.

4 Be wise, ye Men of Strength and Wit,
Nor boast your native Powers ;
But to his sovereign Grace submit,
And Glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest Sinners come,
He'll form your Souls anew :
His Gospel and his Heart have Room
For Rebels, such as you.

6 His Doctrine is Almighty Love ;
There's Virtue in his Name,
To turn the Raven to a Dove,
The Lion to a Lamb.

(*******************************************************)

Truth, Sincerity, &c

1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian Name
Their holy Vows fulfil :
The Saints, the Followers of the Lamb,
Are Men of Honour still.

2 True to the solemn Oaths they take,
Though to their Hurt they swear :
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and Angels hear.

3 Still with their Lips their Hearts agree,
Nor flattering Words devise :

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They know the God of Truth can see
Through every false Disguise.

4 They hate th' Appearance of a Lie,
In all the Shapes it wears ;

Firm to the Truth ; and when they die,
Eternal Life is theirs.

5 Lo ! from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the Judgment down ;
He bids his Saints, his faithful Friends,
Rise and possess their Crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the Sight
And Devils wish to die,

Where will the faithless Hypocrite,
And guilty Liar fly ?



Faithfulness.

1 **H**ATH God been faithful to his Word,
And sent to Men the promis'd Grace ?
Shall I not imitate the Lord,
And practise what my Lips profess ?

2 Hath Christ fulfill'd his kind Design,
The dreadful Work he undertook,
And dy'd to make Salvation mine,
And well perform'd whate'er he spoke ?

3 Doth not his Faithfulness afford
A noble Theme to raise my Song ?
And shall I dare deny my Lord,
Or utter Falshood with my Tongue ?

4 My

4 My King, my Saviour, and my God,
Let Grace my sinful Soul renew,
Wash my Offences with my Blood,
And make my Heart sincere and true.



Gravity, Decency, &c.

1 **A**RE we not Sons and Heirs of God ?
Are we not bought with Jesus' Blood ?
Do we not hope for heavenly joys ?
And shall we stoop to trifling Toys ?

2 Can Laughter feed th' immortal Mind ?
Were Spirits of celestial Kind
Made for a Jest, for Sport and Play,
To wear out Time and waste the Day ?

3 Doth vain Discourse or empty Mirth
Well suit the Honours of our Birth ?
Shall we be fond of gay Attire,
Which Children love, and Fools admire ?

4 What if we wear the richest Vest,
Peacocks and Flies are better drest :
This Flesh, with all its gaudy Forms,
Must drop to Dust, and feed the Worms.

5 Lord, raise our Hearts and Passions higher :
Touch our vain Souls with sacred Fire ;
Then with an elevated Eye
We'll pass these glittering Trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the Toys below
With such Disdain as Angels do,
And wait the Call that bids us rise
To promis'd Mansions in the Skies.

Justice and Equity.

1 COME, let us search our Ways, and try,
Have they been just and right ?

Is the great Rule of Equity
Our Practice and Delight ?

**2 What we would have our Neighbour do,
Have we still done the same ?**

And ne'er delay'd to pay his Due,
Nor injur'd his good Name ?

3 Do we relieve the Poor distress'd ?
Nor give our Tongues a loose,

To make their Names our Scorn and Jest,
Nor treat them with Abuse ?

4 Have we not found our Envy grow,
To hear another's Praise ?

Nor robb'd him of his Honour due
By fly malicious Ways.

5 In all we sell, and all we buy,
Is Justice our Design ?

Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the Wrath divine?

6 In vain we talk of Jesus' Blood,
And boast his Name in vain,
If we can flout the Laws of God,
And prove unjust to Men.



118
Justice and Truth.

I GREAT God, thy holy Law requires,
To curb our covetous Desires,

L

Forbids

Forbids to Plunder, Steal or Cheat,
To practise Falshood or Deceit.

2 Thy Son hath set a Pattern too,
He paid to God and Men their due :
A dreadful Debt he paid to God,
And bought our Pardon with his Blood.

3 Amazing Justice ! Boundless Love !
Do we not feel our Passions move ?
Do we not grieve that we have been
Faithless to God, or false to Men ?

4 Have we no righteous Debt deny'd,
Thro' wanton Luxury or Pride ?
Nor vex the Poor with long Delay,
And made them groan for want of Pay ?

5 Have we ne'er thrown a needless Shame,
Or Scandal, on our Neighbour's Name ?
O happy Men, whose Age and Youth
Have ever dealt in Love and Truth !

6 But if our Justice once be gone,
And leave our Faith and Hope alone ;
If Honestly be banish'd hence,
Religion is a vain Pretence.



119
Temperance.

1 **I**S it a Man's divinest Good,
To make his Soul a Slave to Food,
Vile as the Beast, whose Spirit dies,
And has no Hope above the Skies ?

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2 Can Meats, or choicest Wines procure
Delights that ever shall endure ?
Was I not born above the Swine,
And shall I make their Pleasures mine ?

3 Am I not made for nobler Things ?
Made to ascend on Angels Wings ?
Shall my best Powers be thus debas'd,
And part with Heaven to please my Taste ?

4 Can I forget the fatal Deed,
How *Eve* brought Death on all her Seed ?
She tasted the forbidden Tree,
Anger'd her God, and ruin'd me.

5 Was Life design'd alone to eat ?
What is the Mouth, or what the Meat ?
Both from the Ground derive their Birth,
And both shall mix with common Earth.

6 Great God, new-mould my sensual Mind,
And let my Joys be more refin'd ;
Raise me to dwell among the Blest,
And fit me for thy heavenly Feast.



120

Chastity.

1 **T**HE Lord, how great his Majesty !
How pure are all his Ways !
Sinners unclean offend his Eye,
Nor stand before his Face.

2 Thou hast ordain'd immortal Woes,
And everlasting Fire,

To be the just Reward of those
Who follow loose Desire.

3 I hear, I read the dreadful Doom
Of Sodom in thy Word ;
And dares a feeble Worm presume
Thus to provoke the Lord ?

4 Dear Saviour, guard me by thy Grace,
From Thoughts and Words unclean,
Nor let Temptation gain Success,
To draw my Soul to Sin.



121
A lovely Carriage.

1 O 'Tis a lovely Thing to see
A Man of prudent Heart,
Whose Thoughts, and Lips, and Life agree
To act a useful Part.

2 When Eavy, Strife, and Wars begin
In little angry Souls,
Mark how the Sons of Peace come in,
And quench the kindling Coals.

3 Their Minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their Fury rise :
Nor Passion moves their Lips to speak,
Nor Pride exalts their Eyes.

4 Their Frame is Prudence, mixt with Love ;
Good Works fulfil their Day ;
They join the Serpent with the Dove,
But cast the Sting away.

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- 5 Such was the Saviour of Mankind,
Such Pleasures he pursu'd ;
His Flesh and Blood were all refin'd
His Soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these Plants of Virtue grow
In such a Soul as mine ?
Thy Grace can form my Nature so,
And make my Heart like thine.

Things of good Report.

- 1 **I** S it a Thing of good Report,
To squander Life and Time away ?
To cut the Hours of Duty short,
While Toys and Follies waste the Day ?
- 2 To ask and prattle all Affairs,
And mind all Business but our own ;
To live at Random, void of Cares,
While all Things to Confusion run ?
- 3 ~~Doth this become the Christian Name.~~ ****
To venture near the Tempter's Door ?
To sort with Men of evil Fame,
And yet presume to stand secure ?
- 4 Am I my own sufficient Guard,
While I expose my Soul to Shame ?
Can the short Joys of Sin reward
The lasting Blemish of my Name ?
- 5 O may it be my constant Choice
To walk with Men of Grace below,
'Till I arrive where heavenly Joys,
And never-fading Honours grow ;

Courage and Honour.

1 **D**O I believe what *Jesus* saith,
And think his Gospel true?

Lord, make me bold to own my Faith,
And practise Virtue too.

2 Suppress my Shame, subdue my Fear,
Arm me with heavenly Zeal;
That I may make thy Power appear,
And Works of Praise fulfil.

3 If Men shall see my Virtue shine,
And spread my Name abroad,
Thine is the Power, the Praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God.

4 Thus when the Saints in Glory meet,
Their Lips proclaim thy Grace,
They cast their Honours at thy Feet,
And own their borrow'd Rays.

Holy Fortitude.

1 **A**M I a Soldier of the Cross,
A Follower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own his Cause,
Or blush to speak his Name?

2 Must I be carry'd to the Skies
On flow'ry Beds of Ease,

While others fought to win the Prize.
And sail'd through bloody Seas?

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- 3 Are there no Foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the Flood ?
Is this vile World a Friend to Grace.
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my Courage, Lord :
I'll bear the Toil, endure the Pain,
Supported by thy Word.
- 5 Thy Saints in all this glorious War
Shall conquer tho' they die ;
They see the Triumph from afar,
And seize it with their Eye.
- 6 When that illustrious Day shall rise,
And all thy Armies shine,
In Robes of Vict'ry thro' the Skies,
The Glory shall be thine.

Remedies against Fear.

- 1 **W**HEN Tumults of unruly Fear
Rise in my Heart, and riot there,
What shall I do to calm my Breast,
And get the vexing Foe suppress ?
- 2 What Power can these wild Thoughts controul,
This ruffling Tempest of the Soul ?
Where shall I fly in this Distress,
But to the Throne of glorious Grace ?
- 3 My Faith would seize some Promise Lord ;
There's Power and Safety in thy Word :

Not

Not all that Earth or Hell can say
Shall tempt or drive my Soul away.

4 I call the Days of old to mind
When I have found my God was kind :
My heav'nly Friend is still the same ;
Salvation to his holy Name.

5 Great God, preserve my Conscience clean,
Wash me from Guilt, forgive my Sin :
Thy Love shall guard me from Surprize,
Tho' threatening Dangers round me rise.

6 When Fear, like a wild Ocean, raves,
Let Jesus walk upon the Waves,
And say, 'Tis I : that heav'nly Voice
Shall sink the Storm, and raise my Joys.



The Universal Law of Equity.

1 **B**lessed Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this Rule of thine,
*Never to deal with others worse
Than we would have them deal with us !*

2 This golden Lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the Mind nor Memory Pain :
And every Conscience must approve,
This universal Law of Love.

3 'Tis written in each mortal Breast,
Where all our tenderest Wishes rest :
We draw it from our inmost Veins,
Where Love to self resides and reigns.

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4 Is Reason ever at a Loss ?
 Call in Self-Love to judge the Cause.
 Let our own fondest Passion shew
 How we should treat our Neighbours too.

5 How blest would every Nation prove,
 Thus rul'd by Equity and Love !
 All would be Friends, without a Foe,
 And form a Paradise below.

6 Jesus, forgive us that we keep
 Thy sacred Law of Love asleep,
 And take our Envy, Wrath and Pride,
 Those savage Passions, for our Guide.



127
 The Atonement of Christ.

1 **H**OW is our Nature spoil'd by Sin !
 Yet Nature ne'er hath found
 The way to make the Conscience clean,
 Or heal the painful Wound.

2 In vain we seek for Peace with God
 By Methods of our own :
Jesus there's nothing but thy Blood
 Can bring us near the Throne.

3 The Threat'nings of the broken Law
 Impress our Souls with Dread :
 If God his Sword of Vengeance draw,
 It strikes our Spirits dead.

4 But thine illustrious Sacrifice
 Hath answered these Demands :
 And Peace and Pardon from the Skies
 Come down by *Jesus'* Hands.

5 Here

5 Here all the ancient Types agree,
The Altar and the Lamb :
And Prophets in their Visions see
Salvation thro' his Name.

6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord ;
'Tis on thy Cross we rest :
For ever be thy Love ador'd,
Thy Name for ever blest.



¹²⁸
Faith and Repentance encouraged
by the Sacrifice of CHRIST.

1 **W**HERE shall the guilty Conscience go
To find a sure Relief ?
Can bleeding Bulls or Goats bestow
A Balm to ease my Grief ?

2 Will Popish Rites and Penances
Release my Soul from Sin ?
What insufficient Things are these
To calm the Wrath divine !

3 God, the great God, who rules the Skies,
The Gracious and the Just,
Makes his own Son our Sacrifice :
And there lies all our Trust.

4 O never let my Tho'ts renounce
The Gospel of my God,
Where vilest Crimes are cleans'd at once
In Christ's atoning Blood.

5 Here rest my Faith, and ne'er remove ;
Here let Repentance rise,

While

While I behold his bleeding Love,
His dying Agonies.

6 With Shame and Sorrow here I own
How great my Guilt hath been :
This is my Way t'approach the Throne,
And God forgives my Sin.

*****!*****

129

Christ's Propitiation improv'd.

1 **L**ORD, didst thou send thy Son to dye
For such a guilty Wretch as I ?
And shall thy Mercy not impart
Thy Spirit to renew my Heart ?

2 Lord, hast thou wash'd my Garments clean
In Jesus' Blood from Shame and Sin ?
Shall I not strive with all my Power
That Sin pollute my Soul no more ?

3 Shall I not bear my Father's Rod,
The kind Corrections of my God,
When Christ upon the cursed Tree
Sustain'd a heavier Load for me ?

4 Why should I dread my dying Day
Since Christ hath took the Curse away,
And taught me with my latest Breath
To triumph o'er thy Terrors, Death ?

5 O rather let me wish and cry,
" When shall my Soul get loose and fly
" To upper Worlds ? When shall I see
" The God, the Man, that dy'd for me ?"

6 I shall behold his Glories there,
And pay him my eternal Share
Of Praise, and Gratitude, and Love,
Among ten thousand Saints above.



130

A Christian's Treasure : *All Things
are yours, whether Paul, or Apol-
los, or Cephas, &c.*

1 **H**OW vast the Treasure we possess !
How rich thy Bounty, King of Grace !
This World is ours, and Worlds to come :
Earth is our Lodge, and Heav'n our Home.

2 Paul is our Teacher : while he speaks,
The Shadows flee, the Morning breaks ;
His Words like Beams of Knowledge shine,
And fill our Souls with Light divine.

3 Cephas is ours : he makes us feel
The Kindlings of celestial Zeal :
While sweet Apollos' charming Voice
Gives us a Taste of heav'nly Joys.

4 The Springing Corn, the stately Wood,
Grow to provide us House and Food :
Fire, Air, Earth, Water, join their Force ;
All Nature serves us in her Course

5 The Sun rows round to make our Day,
The Moon directs our nightly Way ;
While Angels bear us in their Arms,
And shield us from ten thousand Harms.

6 O glorious Portion of the Saints !
 Let Faith suppress our fore Complaints,
 And tune our Hearts and Tongues to sing
 Our bounteous God, our sovereign King.



121

All Things working for Good.

1 **M**Y Soul, survey thy Happiness,
 If thou art found a Child of Grace,
 How richly is the Gospel stor'd !
 What Joy the Promises afford !

2 *All Things are ours ;* The Gift of God,
 And purchas'd with our Saviour's Blood :
 While the Good Spirit shews us how
 To use and to enjoy them too.

3 If Peace and Plenty crown my Days,
 They help me, Lord, to speak thy Praise :
 If Bread of Sorrows be my Food.
 Those Sorrows work my real Good.

4 I would not change my blest Estate
 With all that Flesh calls *Rich* or *Great* :
 And while my Faith can keep her Hold,
 I envy not the Sinner's Gold.

5 Father, I wait thy daily Will,
 Thou shalt divide my Portion still :
 Grant me on Earth what seems the best,
 'Till Death and Heaven reveal the rest.

The true Improvement of Life.

1 **A**ND is this Life prolong'd to me?
 Are Days and Seasons given?

Shall I not then prepare to be

A fitter Heir for Heav'n?

2 I'll never let these Moments pass,

These golden Hours be gone :

Lord, I accept thine offer'd Grace,

I bow before thy Throne.

3 Now cleanse my Soul from every Sin

By my Redeemer's Blood :

Now let my Flesh and Heart begin

The Honors of my God.

4 Let me no more my Soul defile

With Sin's deceitful Toys :

Let chearful Hope encreasing still

Approach to heav'nly Joys.

5 My thankful Lips shall loud proclaim

The Wonders of thy Praise,

And spread the Savour of thy Name

Where-e'er I spend my Days.

6 On Earth let my Example shine :

And when I leave this State,

May Heaven receive this Soul of mine

To Bliss divinely great.



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The Priviledge of the Living above the Dead.

1 **A**WAKE my Zeal, awake my Love,
And serve my Saviour here below,
In Works which all the Saints above,
Which holy Angels cannot do.

2 My Faith and Hope may see the Lord,
Tho' Veils of Darkness lie between :
Hope shall rest firm upon his Word,
And Faith rejoice in Things unseen.

3 Awake my Charity, and feed
The hungry Soul, and clothe the Poor ;
In Heav'n are found no Sons of Need,
There all these Duties are no more.

4 Subdue thy Passions, O my Soul,
Maintain the Fight, thy Work pursue,
Daily thy rising Sins controul,
And be thy Vict'ries ever new.

5 The Land of Triumph lies on high,
There are no Fields of Battle there :
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious War.

6 Let every flying Hour confess
I gain thy Gospel fresh Renown,
And when my Life and Labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd Crown.

The true Improvement of Life.

1 **A**ND is this Life prolong'd to me?
 Ave Days and Seasons given?

Shall I not then prepare to be

A sinner Hell for Heaven?

2 I'll never let these Moments pass,
 These golden Hours be gone :

Lord, I accept thine offer'd Grace,

I bow before thy Throne.

3 Now cleanse my Soul from every Sin

By my Redeemer's Blood :

Now let my Flesh and Heart begin

The Honors of my God.

4 Let me no more my Soul defile

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Let cheerful Hope encreasing still

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May Heaven receive this Soul of mine

To Bliss divinely great.

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The Priviledge of the Living above
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And serve my Saviour here below,
In Works which all the Saints above,
Which holy Angels cannot do.

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The hungry Soul, and clothe the Poor ;
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Daily thy rising Sins controul,
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There are no Fields of Battle there :
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious War.

6 Let every flying Hour confess
I gain thy Gospel fresh Renown,
And when my Life and Labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd Crown.

Death of Mankind, Saints and Sinners, improv'd.

1 **H**AS Death such vast Destruction made ?
Does every Hour increase the Dead ?
Here I behold the Guilt of Sin,
That brought this spreading Mischief in.

2 Great God ! how awful and how just
Thy Law, that turns our Flesh to Dust !
O let me learn how frail am I,
And all my Life prepare to die.

3 When impious Wretches yield their Breath,
And go unpardon'd down to Death,
Awake, my Soul, adore the Grace
That gave thee a repenting Space.

4 But when a Saint with cheerful Air
Meets his last Foe, and feels no Fear,
Our Faith, our Hope, and Courage grow ;
We learn to Face the Tyrant too.

5 We could renounce our all Things here,
And wish that Moment would appear
When we shall leave this World, and rise
To meet the Joys above the Skies.

Death of Kindred improv'd.

1 **M**UST Friends and Kindred drop and die ?
Must Helpers be withdrawn ?

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While Sorrow with a weeping Eye
Counts up our Comforts gone.

2 Be thou our Comfort, mighty God,
Our Helper and our Friend;
Nor leave us in this dang'rous Road
'Till all our Trials end.

3 O may our Feet pursue the Way
Our pious Fathers led;
While Love and holy Zeal obey
The Counsels of the Dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let Hope our Grief dispel;
Death will invite our Souls to go
Where our best Kindred dwell.



Death a Blessing to the Saints.

DO Flesh and Nature dread to dye?
And timorous Thoughts our Minds enslave?
But Grace can raise our Hopes on high,
And quell the Terrors of the Grave.

2 What I Shall we run to gain the Crown,
Yet grieve to think the Goal so near?
Afraid to have our Labours done,
And finish this important War.

3 Do we not dwell in Clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we like this Twilight so,
When 'tis all Noon in Worlds above?

4 There shall we see him Face to Face,
There shall we know the *Great Unknown*:
And *Jesus*, with his glorious Grace,
Shines in full Light amidst the Throne.

5 When we put off this fleshly Load,
We're from a thousand Mischiefs free,
For ever present with our God,
Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.

6 No more shall Pride or Passion rise,
Or Envy fret, or Malice roar,
Or Sorrow mourn with down cast Eyes,
And Sin defile our Souls no more.

7 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best
To go where Tempters cannot come,
Where Saints and Angels, ever blest,
Dwell and enjoy their heavenly Home.

8 O for a Visit from my God,
To drive my Fears of Death away,
And help me thro' this darksome Road
To Realms of everlasting Day!

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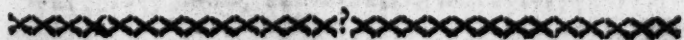
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The Doctrine of the Trinity, and
the Use of it : Or, Access to the
Father through Christ by the
Holy Spirit.

- 1 **F**ather of Glory, to thy Name
Immortal Praise we give,
Who dost an Act of Grace proclaim,
And bid us Rebels live.
- 2 Immortal Honour to the Son
Who makes thine Anger cease ;
Our Lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to buy our Peace.
- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal Glory giv'n,
Whose Influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for Heav'n.
- 4 Let Men, with their united Voice,
Adore th' Eternal God,
And spread his Honours and their Joys
Thro' Nations far Abroad.
- 5 Let Faith, and Love, and Duty join,
One general Song to raise,
And Saints in Earth and Heaven combine
In Harmony and Praise.

The End of Dr. WATTS's Hymns.



The Doctrine of the Trinity, and
the Use of it: Or, Access to the
Father through Christ by the
Holy Spirit.

First of all, in the Name
of the Father, we give
thee, O Lord, our
And our Father's love.

And thou, O Father, in the Son
Who dost in us abide,
Our lives bestow, with us
And give us of thy love.

To thy mighty Spirit, O
Immortal God, fit
Thou dost instruct us, O Lord,
And raise us up, O Father.

Let Men, with their united Voice,
Adore th' Eternal God,
And praise his Honours, and their love
Thou Nations far abroad.

Let Faith, and Love, and Duty join,
One general Song to thee,
And saints in Earth and Heaven combine
In Harmony and Praise.

The End of Dr. Watts's Hymns.



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By the Reverend

JOSEPH STENNET, M. A.

H Y M N I.

OUR LORD, when cloth'd with mortal Flesh,
Tho' free from every sinful Stain,
Wou'd be Baptiz'd, that Men to trace
His sacred Steps might not disdain.

Nay more — He was all plung'd in Tears,
And bath'd in bloody Sufferings too :
What Fountain was requir'd to wash
Our guilty Souls, his Wounds will shew !

Thy

Thy Blood, dear LORD, can cleanse from Sin,
 This in our Baptism we confess;
 'Tis for its cleansing Virtue we
 Our Prayers and Vows to Thee address.

Bury'd with great Solemnity
 In thy Baptismal Sepulchre,
 We are reviv'd, and rais'd again,
 White Robes of Righteousness to wear.

And, as thy Sacred Word declares,
 At the Great Resurrection-Day
 Our Bodies shall be rais'd and chang'd,
 And be adorn'd with bright Array.

JOSEPH STANNETT
 HYMN II.

THE sacred Body of our LORD,
 Which on the Cross had bled,
 Three Days lay bury'd in the Grave,
 And then rose from the Dead.

His Presence the desponding Hearts
 Of his Disciples cheers;
 His Voice they hear, his Scars survey,
 Which banish Doubts and Fears.

Explaining Oracles divine,
 Their Ears and Souls he charms;
 His Order to convert the World,
 Their drooping Courage warms.

For

For thus the Mediator Spoke,

“ All Power in Earth and Heav’n

“ To Me, triumphant o’er the Grave,

“ Is by my Father given.

“ So therefore teach the Nations all

“ What you have learn’d of Me ;

“ Baptize ’em in the awful Name

“ Of the Eternal Three.

“ Teach ’em whatever I command ;

“ My Presence I assure,

“ To crown your Labours with Success,

“ While Heaven and Earth endure,

LORD ! we thy wondrous Grace adore,

Thy awful Word revere ;

Thy Death and thy Revival both

Our Baptism makes appear.

The Promise of thy Presence now

Does glad Expectance raise ;

Hope of thy second Coming fills

Our Souls with Joy and Praise :

’Tis then the Dead thy Voice shall hear,

The Dead thy Voice obey ;

Thy Saints, who sleep in Dust, awake ;

To Joy’s Eternal Day.

HYMN III.

COME lowly Souls that mourn,
Depress'd with Guilt and Shame;
Wash'd in your Saviour's sacred Blood,
Now call upon his Name.

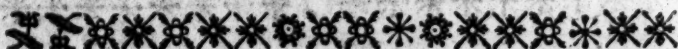
Rejoice you contrite Hearts,
That tremble at his Word,
In the Baptismal Laver plung'd,
As was your Humble LORD.

Bath'd in Repenting Tears,
The Sins which you deplore
Dead in your Saviour's Grave shall lie,
And shall be seen no more.

Come pious Candidates
Of Grace and Glory too,
Praise your Redeemer's Love, and tell
What he has done for you.

Unspotted Robes you wear,
Your Sighs to Songs are turn'd;
Garments of Praise adorn you now,
Who late in Ashes mourn'd.

Your LORD and you are risen,
Aspire to things above:
Where he resides, there you shall dwell
In Realms of Light and Love.



HYMN

H Y M N IV.

WHEN th' antient World God's Patience try'd
 And long his threatning Vengeance dar'd,
 The Righteous *Noah* Favour found,
 His Family alone was spar'd.

In secret Chambers of the Ark
 They all secure from Danger lie,
 When th' Ocean's Banks were broke, and Floods
 Burst through the Windows of the Sky.

Proud Waters o'er the Mountains roll,
 And common Ruin widely spread ;
 Yet the blest'd Patriarch's House survives,
 When all Mankind beside were dead.

At the Almighty's awful Word
 The' obsequious Floods retire again ;
 And *Noah* from his mystick Tomb
 Peoples the ruin'd Earth with Men.

So to restore a World o'erwhelm'd
 With Guilt and Misery dead in Sins,
 Our SAVIOUR rising from the Grave,
 Another Race of Men begins ;

New Creatures of a Heavenly Form,
 Whose Souls his Sacred Image bear ;
 While dead to Sin, they live to God,
 And spotless in white Robes appear.

Bury'd in their Redeemer's Grave,
 With Him they live, with Him they rise ;

N

While

While the lost Race of human Kind
Delug'd with Sin and Ruin lies.

O Happy Souls whom Grace revives !
Their Bodies too their LORD will raise,
Resign'd and fit for Holy Souls,
To see his Face, and sing his Praise.



HYMN V.

THUS was the Great Redeemer plung'd
In *Jordan's* swelling Flood ;
To shew he'd one Day be baptized
In Tears, in Sweat, and Blood.

Thus was his Sacred Body laid
Beneath the yielding Wave ;
Thus was his Sacred Body rais'd
Out of the liquid Grave.

When lo ! from Realms of Light and Bliss
The Heavenly Dove comes down,
Lights on his venerable Head,
With Rays of Glory crown.

While his Eternal Father's Voice
An awful Joy excites ;
" This is my well beloved Son,
" In whom my Soul delights.

Thy mystick Rite his Death describ'd,
His Burial did foreshew
The quickening of his Sacred Flesh,
His Resurrection too.

LORD, thy own Precept we obey,
In thy own Footsteps tread,
We die, are bury'd rise with Thee
From Regions of the Dead.

O may the Spirit of Truth and Love
His Power on us display,
Approve our Vows, and seal our Souls
To the Redemption-Day !

H Y M N VI.

O Bless'd Redeemer ! in thy Side
Upon the Cross was made a Wound,
The Bath where we are purg'd from Sin,
And where our Guilt's intirely drown'd.

Water and Blood hence freely ran,
And on the trembling Earth were spilt ;
Water to sanctify and cleanse,
Blood to atone for Crimson Guilt.

This wondrous Grace to represent
Baptifinal Waters were design'd,
In which thou, LORD, was't bury'd too,
To thy great Father's Will resign'd.

Thus Penitents who die to Sin,
 With Thee are bury'd in thy Grave ;
 Thus quicken'd to a Life Divine,
 Their Souls a Resurrection have.

And tho' their Bodies turn to dust,
 This Holy Symbol does assure,
 The Resurrection of the Just
 Shall render them all bright and pure.

Made like his Body ours shall be,
 When Christ, who is our Life, appears ;
 Who to procure us Life, was once
 Baptiz'd in his own Blood and Tears.



HYMN VII.

WHEN from Egyptian Slavery
 The Hebrews were redeem'd,
 The parted Seas and covering Cloud
 A Grave to Israel seem'd :

But soon the joyful Tribes emerge,
 And stand upon the shore,
 With grateful Hearts and tuneful Tongues
 Their Saviour's Name adore.

He made th' obsequious Waves retire,
 His Favourite Tribes to save ;
 Made them a way to Liberty,
 Where Egypt found a Grave.

Thus

Thus Jacob's Sons baptiz'd of old
 To Moses in the Sea,
 Sav'd by God's Arm, themselves devote
 His Statutes to obey.

So from the Bondage of our Sins,
 Redeem'd by Sovereign Grace,
 We thro' his watry Sepulchre
 Our Saviour's Footsteps trace.

Our Sins, the worst of Enemies,
 Are bury'd there and drown'd ;
 To a new Life our Souls are rais'd,
 With tender Mercy crown'd.

To thee, O Jesus, may we live,
 Devoted to thy Fear ;
 Thee will we love, Thee will we praise,
 And all thy Laws revere.



H Y M N VIII.

THE Great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the Lost to seek and save ;
 Went humbly down from Jordan's Shore,
 To find a Tomb beneath a Wave.

" Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 " All Righteousness, he meekly said :
 Why shou'd we then to do his Will
 Or be ashamed, or be afraid :

With thee into thy watry Tomb,
 LORD, 'tis our Glory to descend ;
 'Tis wondrous Grace that gives us room
 To lie inter'd by such a Friend !

But a much more tempestuous Flood
 O'erwhelm'd thy Body and thy Soul ;
 That's plung'd in Tears, and Sweat, and Blood,
 And over this black Terrors roll.

Yet as the yielding Waves give way,
 To let us see the Light again :
 So on thy Resurrection-Day
 The Bands of Death prov'd weak and vain.

Thus when thou shalt again appear,
 The Gates of Death shall open wide ;
 Our Dust thy powerful Voice shall hear,
 Shall rise and triumph at thy side,

These now vile Bodies then shall wear
 A glorious Form resembling Thine ;
 To be dissolved no more shall fear,
 But with immortal Beauty shine.



HYMN IX.

WHEN fam'd Bethesda's Waters flow'd,
 By a descending Angel mov'd ;
 The wond'rous Pool a sovereign Bath
 For every Pain and Sicknesh prov'd.

Hither

Hither distemper'd Crouds repair,
Hither the Feeble, Lame, and Blind ;
The first who steps into the Spring,
Leaves his Disease and Pains behind.

That languishing and dying Souls
A nobler Cure might freely meet,
The Son of God came down and stir'd
Baptismal Waters with his Feet.

LORD, 'tis but just we follow Thee,
Who didst not scorn to lead the Way,
Where we just see the Vale of Death,
Then view the Resurrection-Day.

Happy ! who haste into the Flood
Where healing Virtues ever flow,
Where filthy Lepers clean are made,
The Blind to see, the Lame to go ;

Where contrite Spirits heal their Wounds,
And broken Hearts assuage their Pain ;
The Dead themselves new Life inspires,
They breathe, they move, and rise again.

With lowly Minds, and lofty Songs,
Let all admire the SAVIOUR's Grace,
Till the great Rising Day reveal
Th' immortal Glory of his Face.

HYMN X.

IN such a Grave as this
 The meek Redeemer lay,
 When He, our Souls to seek and save,
 Learn'd humbly to obey.

See how the spotless Lamb
 Descends into the Stream !
 And teaches Sinners not to scorn
 What Him so well became.

His Body sanctifies
 The salutary Flood,
 And teaches us to plunge our Souls
 I'th' Fountain of his Blood.

Oh ! Sinners, wash away
 Your Sins of Crimson dye ;
 Bury'd with him, your Sins shall all
 In dark Oblivion lie.

Rise, and ascend with Him,
 A Heavenly Life to lead,
 Who came to rescue guilty Men
 From Regions of the Dead.

LORD, see the Sinner's Tears,
 Hear his repenting Cry ;
 Speak, and his contrite Soul shall live ;
 Speak, and his Sins shall die :

Speak

Speak with that mighty Voice,
Which one Day wide shall spread
Its Summons thro' the Earth and Sea,
To wake and raise the Dead.

H Y M N XI.

SEE in what Grave our Saviour lay,
Before he shed his precious Blood ;
How he mark'd out the humble way
To Sinners thro' the mystick Flood.

The Sun of Righteousness his Beams,
Tho' so divinely fair and bright,
Immers'd in *Jordan's* swelling Streams,
Submitting to this Holy Rite.

O *Jordan* ! honour'd oft before !
What greater Glory would'st thou have,
Than CHRIST descending from thy Shore,
To find in thee a liquid Grave ?

Thy Streams retir'd on either Side,
To th' Holy Ark once form'd a Way ;
A Prophet's Mantle could divide
Thy willing Streams, taught to obey.

Plung'd by the Holy Baptist's Hand,
Buried in thee our SAVIOUR lies :
Did not thy Waters wond'ring stand,
To see Him die, and see him rise ?

Blest

Blest Sepulchre ! where JESUS lay,
 Which JESUS for us sanctifies !
 Blest Flood ! to wash our Sin away,
 And sink 'em so as ne'er to rise.



H Y M N XII.

When'er one Sinner turns to God,
 With contrite Heart and flowing Eyes,
 The happy News makes Angels smile,
 And tell their Joys above the Skies.

Well may the Church below rejoice,
 And eccho back the Heavenly Sound :
 " This Soul was dead, but now's alive ;
 " This Sheep was lost, but now is found,

See how the willing Converts trace
 The Path their great Redeemer trod ;
 And follow through his liquid Grave,
 The meek, the lowly Son of God.

Here in the Holy Laver plung'd,
 Their Souls are cleans'd from every Stain ;
 They die, descend into the Tomb,
 By Grace they live, and rise again.

Here they renounce their former Deeds,
 And to a Heavenly Life aspire :
 Their Rags for glorious Robes exchang'd,
 They shine in clean and white Attire,

O Sacred Rite ! by this the Name
Of JESUS we to own begin ;
This is our Resurrection's Pledge,
And seals the Pardon of our Sin.

Glory to God on high be given,
Who shews this Grace to sinful Men :
Let Saints on Earth, and Hosts of Heaven,
In Consort joyn their loud AMEN.

F I N I S.



	to them	Hymn
6	Bless'd, who have no sin imputed	86.
2.	Saints, Savior, Trinity	108.
7.	Blood of a real piece of Wood	91, 2.
0.	of cause of Believerance	100
7.		
0.		
7.	Calvary Mount	71.
7.	Carriage lovely	121.
2	Charterings useful	31.
44	Chastity	120.
7	Christ's appearance a	16.
21.	- people, Vine & Branches	54.
30.	- his preciousness & love	64, 5.
31.	- Resurr. proves him Mess ^{rs}	78.
9.	- St. Peter's Intercessor	81.
16.	- remembers his people	83.
109	- a real Sacrifice	84.
27	- his Condesc ⁿ & obedience	93.
20	- his Propitiation impr.	127.
	Christian Life joyful	15.
20	- glorifying in hope	50.
32	- Love feast	98.
47	- his Treasure	130.
79	Church a Garden	51.
82	Communicants comforted	99.
96	Confidence in danger from War	13.
20	Conquest of a Frenchman	12.
27	of Christ	37, 8.
4	Conscience good	115.

<i>Causes of Honor</i>	<i>Page</i>
<i>Prophets, its Stabilit.</i>	1123.
<i>its Promises</i>	10.
<i>Creation's Rights and insuff.</i>	52.
<i>Proofs, Presumptive by it</i>	19.
<i>Mystery of it</i>	66.
	76.



